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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

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Notes of the Week

The National Rip Van Winkles

As if it was something new and had only just been discovered—it is interesting to compare the agitation which is now going on in Parliament about the dumping of Russian butter with what Lady Houston wrote on this matter over two years ago.

**

On June 19th, 1934

The Conservatives Parliamentary Agricultural Committee urged the Government to invoke Article Two of the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement to prevent the dumping of Russian butter. The Agricultural Committee appointed a deputation to meet Colonel Colville, Secretary of the Overseas Trade Department, to urge that this Article which is intended "to frustrate preference accorded, or detrimentally to affect production" should be invoked in respect of Russian butter. Imports of Russian butter, it was pointed out, were having a harmful effect on butter production both at home and in the Dominions.

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On December 20th, 1931

Lady Houston wrote in a letter published in the *Sunday Express*: "Mr. MacDonald is certainly consistent. With him, Russia is *always* sacrosanct. During the War—in 1917—when Bolshevism first reared its ugly head in the Russian Revolution, and the Czar, Czarina, and their children were brutally massacred—Mr. MacDonald called a Conference in the Albert Hall, Leeds, and urged his "dear comrades" by saying "Russia has called us to follow her. You must not refuse to answer that appeal."

MR. MACDONALD HAS FAITHFULLY FOLLOWED RUSSIA EVER SINCE, AND FILTHY RUSSIAN GREASE (MASQUERADING AS BUTTER), IS BEING DUMPED INTO ENGLAND, AND THE "EMERGENCY GOVERNMENT," WHICH WAS TO PREVENT AND STOP ALL THIS, IS LEAVING THE DUMPING TO GO ON MULTIPLYING AND INCREASING DAY BY DAY."

Lady Houston is considered extreme. She is extreme in her extraordinary intuition of seeing what should be done for the good of the country and comparing it with what is neglected and left undone by our "National" Government.

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General Critchley and Twickenham

We hope General Critchley will have won Twickenham by a record majority, if his policy has been justly represented in *The Daily Mail*, which hails him as the champion of a strong Air Force, of being adamant on the subject of India, and of being equally determined to maintain a genuine British policy. On the other hand, a certain morning newspaper, we hope wrongly, accuses him of wobbling? General Critchley is a great sportsman, a fighter, a natural leader of men, with a strong and agreeable personality and will certainly help to put a little more backbone into the Conservative benches. It is probable that he will be returned for "Jix's" old constituency with flying colours, but our readers will be able to judge of the result as soon as they read this.

**

The Central Office Again

An amusing situation developed between General Critchley and the Unionist Central Office, who, in supporting him, tried evidently to whittle

down his Conservatism to as low a temperature as they hoped Twickenham would accept. They particularly wanted him to preserve a non-committal attitude on the "Scuttle" policy in India, so as to get his vote eventually for the White Paper proposals. The General has been hardening on the subject, and, fortified for what it is worth, by a letter of support from Mr. Baldwin has said definitely that he will not accept any proposals that weaken our hold on our great Eastern dependency. The Central Office mandarins were so annoyed at this change of attitude that they seriously considered whether they should withdraw their support. If they had, in an independent and staunch Tory seat like Twickenham, it would probably have gained him more votes than he would lose. Lord Stonehaven might put this in his pipe and smoke it.

**

The Blustering Teuton Again

Germany is constantly seizing any opportunity to demand the return of her oversea colonies which she lost as the result of the war. At a great meeting in Berlin, Dr. Schnee, the former Governor of German East Africa, threw out the bait that if her Colonies were returned the problem of her debt payments would be virtually solved. He did not tell his audience how and why this could happen, and it is no doubt just another bit of Prussian bluster. The Prussian, whether it were under Kaiser Wilhelm or under Hitler, is as incapable of changing his skin as the Ethiopian. Germany has repudiated her debt payments under various pretexts which are not even plausible, and goes on spending large sums on armaments. She still thinks she can bluff the "fool" English, but our reply to her should be that a nation which dishonours its obligations in one matter can be trusted in no other. If she had acted in such a way that she restored world confidence it might have been possible to sell her back her Colonies at their proper value. But who could sell her anything to-day and be sure of the money?

**

Centres of Interest

For the moment, all is quiet on the "Western Front," at any rate on the surface, the French Government having obtained by thumping majorities in the Chamber, the enormous credits it demanded for augmenting the strength of the Army, Navy and Air Force for the defence of France and, by the same token, of Belgium. For a while last week Paris was the centre of the world's interest. But even when Marshal Petain and M. Doumergue were impressing on the Deputies, the inescapable necessity for the increases in view of the re-arming of Germany, Herr Hitler, flying south, was on his way to meet Signor Mussolini, and public interest shifted forthwith from Paris to Venice.

This week, the interest is transferred to Bucarest, where the Permanent Council of the Little Entente is holding one of its regular conferences. In England, the importance of the Little Entente is not realised very well, and if in London it seems a far cry to Bucarest, it may profitably be recalled that it is not so far a cry from Rome.

**

The Bucarest Meeting

The Venice meeting, about which there hangs a cloud of obscurity, is dealt with elsewhere in this issue. It may be taken for granted, however, that both Hitler and Mussolini had the Little Entente and the Bucarest meeting in their minds and talks. They had not only the question of Austria and that of the Danube valley before them. What must have given them at least equal food for thought and comment, was the fact, of which there is no doubt whatever, that Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia, the States forming the Little Entente, are the open and loyal allies of France.

They make no secret of their attachment. M. Yevtitch, the Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, returned to Belgrade the other day after a visit to Paris of some length. With Dr. Benesh, he went to Bucarest, and in conference they joined M. Titulescu; the three Foreign Ministers compose the Permanent Council. They were subsequently joined by M. Barthou, the French Foreign Minister, whose purpose there was the same as that which took him recently to Warsaw—the strengthening of the alliance with France.

**

The Policy Blocs

Both Hitler and Mussolini—each in his own way, for some of their paths diverge—had their eyes fixed on the Bucarest meeting, of which the meaning was so plain to them and, for that matter, to anybody else. It appears that at Venice they pronounced against the "policy of blocs." But the devotion to France of the Little Entente is no new thing, and in any case the tenseness of the situation on the Continent inevitably makes, as it has made, for the grouping of the Powers, either for France or Germany.

Last week, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, completely out of touch as usual with realities, spoke at Seaham as if the Continent did not already exhibit the policy of blocs in its armed camps, and urged Germany to return to Geneva as if that would promptly and efficaciously settle the whole business. His tone was that of an old and timid aunt to a naughty child. Weakness grows on Ramsay, and his speech showed it. And just when England needs a strong man!

Contrast the attitude of M. Doumergue—its a painful humiliating and even revolting contrast to any patriotic Briton. On the same day on

which MacDonald spoke, he quoted in the Chamber, a letter written by Hitler to Von Papen in October, 1932, when the latter was Chancellor of Germany, pouring ridicule on international conferences and maintaining that armed force alone could decide disputes between nations. What Hitler had said then, M. Doumergue declared, was now being carried out in practice. Quite so!

♦♦

Anglo-French Trade Pact

It is fortunately true that we have no very big dispute with any nation at present. But—you never can tell, especially in face of an armed and ever-arming Europe, and the defencelessness of England is not only unjustified, but offers a *constant temptation to the strong*. How about the fifty new Air squadrons of which the *Daily Telegraph* told us last week? There seems something like a conspiracy of silence on the subject now. Why? It is pleasant at all events to know that the Anglo-French trade negotiations have come to a successful conclusion, and that consequently, retaliatory fiscal measures on both sides have been dropped. But until full details of the pact are published, further comment must be withheld.

♦♦

The German Default

It has been from no lack of warnings in the *Saturday*—some indeed were given months ago—that holders of Dawes and Young bonds and other supposedly good German securities have lost their money. True, the bonds have still some value on the Stock Exchange, and that says, of course, that there are some people who have not lost faith in them altogether. We fear they are much too sanguine. Meanwhile, we note that Sir John Simon made no reply to the question put to him on Monday in the House: "Does not the Foreign Secretary recognise that the Germans have got any amount of money to spend on armaments, and yet they cannot afford to pay their debts?" An awkward and singularly inconvenient question, is it not, Sir John?

♦♦

That Lena Goldfields Case

Is our wretched Government absolutely incapable of learning anything about the Soviet and its aims and methods? Surely all its members cannot be so purblind as is Ramsay MacDonald on the subject. We drew attention last week to the new development in the Lena Goldfields case—the denial by the Soviet's representative in London of any agreement for a settlement respecting the arbitral award, originally £13,000,000, in favour of the Lena company. Colonel Colville, for the Government, now states that there was an understanding based on a mutual amendment of terms, that the mutual amendment took place, but that

the Soviet amendment is "unsatisfactory." Now, Colonel Colville has the reputation of being quite a good business man, and we should like to ask him if he ever expected that the Soviet amendment would be satisfactory.

♦♦

A New Cloud in the East

The Foreign Office is scarcely likely to be too pleased at the new alliance concluded between those age-old enemies, Mustapha Kemal of Turkey, and the Shah of Persia. Neither of them are what might be described as pro-British, and both of them eye with longing the fat possessions of Britain in the oil-fields of Iraq. One of the worst mistakes of the present Government was when it tamely lay down under the preposterous claims of the Shah in the Oil-fields, which was no better than a bandit's claim. Even now, Persia is illegitimately attempting to justify the seizure of an Iraq district where oil has been struck. Here is an example of the fate that befalls our hopeless pacifist policy, which invariably Orientals believe to be inspired by cowardice.

♦♦

The Second Test

The selection of thirteen players from among whom England's Test side is to be selected in the second match with the Australians, may be heralded by some as of not too happy augury. Unfortunately, for reasons which have now been proclaimed to the four heavens, a considerable number of sportsmen regard the whole business of the Australian quest for the "Ashes" with repugnance, and it can scarcely be very satisfactory to the Australian cricketers to realise that the two men who, more than any others, led to the victory of the M.C.C. team in Australia last year, are dropped, or, rather, it appears have not been invited to play in either of the first two Test matches. Whoever is at fault, it does not redound to the credit of the Selection Committee, for whatever D. R. Jardine and Larwood may have said, they should at least have been invited to play.

♦♦

Our English Game

And, really, we wonder what things are coming to when a game, the very English game of cricket, instead of cementing the affection between the Mother Country and Australia, appears to lead instead to strife and ill-feeling. Who is exactly to blame for this lamentable state of affairs is difficult to say. During the Australian tour, as Jardine showed in his book, the crowds "barracked" the English side, and were accused of being unsporting by many reputable observers. The Australian Board of Cricket Control certainly sent a somewhat offensive cablegram to the M.C.C. on the "body bowling theory," and the M.C.C., after having at first adopted a dignified attitude,

and refused to abandon their captain, afterwards seem to have made a complete climb down. Larwood accuses certain cricket sides of threatening to refuse to play his own County Notts, if body-line bowling is to be permitted. A. W. Carr, Captain of Notts, supports Larwood and there seems to be a lot of subterranean bad feeling about.

* *

Is it Worth It?

We cannot start here an argument on the merits or otherwise of leg-theory bowling, but as ordinary cricket-lovers, it just seems to us that if batsmen stand in front of the wicket and play the ball off their pads, they invite the only reprisal possible in the bowler. Furthermore, it seems that the Australians hate Larwood's bowling, because he is too fast for them, and when they stand in the way of the wicket they must expect to get hit. When they get hit they squeal. But that such a state of things should lead to strained relations between the Mother Country and Australia is lamentable indeed, and surely it would be far better to let the Australians take the "Ashes" and keep them for good. Both Mr. J. H. Thomas and Lord Hailsham deny that they have officially or unofficially in any way intervened in this matter of the body-bowling controversy, or have used their influence to insist that it should not be practised. A great many people have reason to suspect that these are diplomatic denials. On the face of it, there is left an unpleasant taste in the mouth when Jardine, of all men, the greatest England captain of this century, is ostentatiously dropped from the side and ignored by the Selectors. There is no smoke without fire!

* *

Good News If True

We hope the story is true that Colonel B. C. Freyberg, V.C., is shortly to be promoted to the rank of Major-General—the first instance, if the anticipation is realised, of a New Army officer rising from a temporary war-time commission to a major-generalship in the Regular Army. Certainly no man could have deserved this distinction more than the man who was responsible for that remarkable swimming exploit, when the Turkish positions were thoroughly reconnoitred at night-time before the British landing on Gallipoli took place and who later won one of the best-earned V.C.'s in the whole War by his intrepid leadership of his battalion at Beaumont Hamel in 1916. Colonel Freyberg may be young for this distinction in peace time—he is only 45—but he unquestionably deserves it.

* *

Those Chinese Pirates

What are our Ramsay MacDonalds and Baldwins doing and going to do about the latest Chinese outrage? Waiting to see what the British

Minister in Pekin has to report on the subject and after that issuing another bland remonstrance and giving up the matter as quite hopeless? No doubt what the Chinese are pleased to call a Government will express its sorrow and its hope that such things will not occur again. But everyone knows that what has happened so frequently will undoubtedly go on happening, unless the British Government takes its own steps to discourage such outrages. In the last thirteen years or so over fifty ships have been attacked by Chinese pirates and some 20 British officers have lost their lives. In the latest instance two of the five British subjects carried off are naval officers. Japan effectively put a stop to lawlessness in the North of China by quietly annexing Manchuria. We don't suggest that Britain should seize any Chinese territory. But surely the time has come to make more use of our warships in the Far East to protect the lives and property of British subjects.

* *

Facilis Descensus

Poor Colombo!! How easy the descent from fame once it has begun. Some three weeks ago one of the hottest of hot favourites for the Derby, with an unbroken record of nine victories; then only a third place at Epsom and now—horrible to relate—defeat in a mile race at Ascot in a field of only second-raters!! Nor can his disgrace be excused by excessive weight. He was fairly and squarely beaten at even weights by a colt who was only fourth in the Two Thousand and did not take part in the Derby. No doubt his latest discomfiture is partly accounted for by the strain of the Epsom race and it is perfectly true that good horses have before now done badly at Ascot, the grave of so many equine reputations and the scene alas of so many triumphs for the bookmaker. All the same it seems pretty clear that Colombo is not the great horse that he was once made out to be and that his defeat at Epsom was no fluke.

* *

"When the Heaven is Shut Up . . ."

Many years have passed since London yearned so whole-heartedly for rain. The few drops which the heavens have vouchsafed during the past few days have been almost as eagerly welcomed as if they had fallen in the Sahara and respectable folk have been as anxious to get wet as children playing in a puddle. There is something maddening about a shortage of water in these islands where normally spates of unwanted rain pour off into the sea. It needed so little foresight to provide catchments and reservoirs that would ensure us against any possibility of drought. So far the gods have been mocking our want of pre-vision and liners reach our coasts after passing through four or five days of downfall, which only swelled the waters of the ocean instead of bringing refreshment to a thirsty land.

The Irish Loyalists

Their Approaching Dilemma

By the Saturday Reviewer

LORD WILLINGDON, some little time ago, said that he was proud of what his family had done in the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, and that he hoped to do the same for India.

It was a strange statement for the Viceroy to make, the more strange as we are all being assured that nothing is settled about India; but what is stranger still is that, at this time of day, an Englishman in high position should be proud of the result of British policy in Ireland, so proud indeed that he wants to bring about the same state of things in India. We do not quite know how Lord Willingdon estimates the difference between success and failure in the Irish Free State: he is a Liberal by tradition, and a servant of the King by virtue of his present office; but, however he reckons these things, it is difficult to see how he can find any encouragement for the policy of Home Rule in India from the results of Home Rule in Ireland.

Material Standards

If we take material standards, there used to be a free and thriving trade between Ireland and England, which has gone on diminishing year by year until it is now but a meagre shadow of its old proportions. The Irish Free State have made every endeavour by hostile tariffs, boycotts and discriminations to transfer this trade to foreign countries, but it is not any transfer which has caused it to dwindle; the trade is vanishing because it is being killed at its root in the soil of Ireland; that is to say, the power of Ireland to buy and the power of Ireland to sell are being destroyed by a policy which might have been calculated to that end. The union of Great Britain and Ireland was a partnership profitable to both: we have now a miserable economic war infinitely injurious to both parties: Ireland as a market for British goods is rapidly shrinking; England as a market for Irish produce is almost closed. Horse-breeding, the raising of store cattle, dairy produce—such sources of Irish wealth are fading away, and the Irish Free State proudly supports her independence on the produce of a sweepstake on an English race.

If we take more spiritual standards of success, can we say that Home Rule has brought better feeling or permanent settlement of the relations between the two countries? No; on the contrary, de Valera demands an Irish Republic as the next step, and no one in the least knows what is going to happen when that step is attempted. Will Great Britain tolerate a hostile Republic across her Western approaches? That is a question which she will soon be called upon to face.

Here we come to what is going to be a rather painful side of this question: Suppose the Irish

Free State becomes a Republic, as she may be able to do under the Statute of Westminster, what then is going to be the position of the loyal Irish in Southern Ireland, and the Southern Irish population in Great Britain? Are they to lose their status as British subjects whether they like it or not? The Southern Irish Loyalists were once a great community—prosperous, enterprising, active in every field of life. They are now a persecuted remnant. It is estimated that in numbers they have shrunk by about forty per cent. We know of a district once divided into three parishes, each served with clergyman and curate, where there is now one clergyman instead of three—and no curate, so shrunken and impoverished is the Protestant community.

There is, however, still a great multitude of loyal Irishmen in Ireland, and they have to face this wretched dilemma. Are they to be outlaws in their own country, or are they to surrender their status as subjects of the King?

The Protestant Minority

The lawyers have been considering the question. They find that people born in the Free State will be Free State subjects, when the Free State declares its independence, unless they leave the country. They find, on the other hand, that Irishmen born in the Free State, who are domiciled in Great Britain, will remain British subjects. Thus there is a dilemma for Irishmen in England and for Irishmen in Ireland. There is also a dilemma for Great Britain. Will she permit it? Can she prevent it? The Statute of Westminster has left the situation in such a state of legal chaos that even constitutional lawyers find it hard to say with certainty how the case stands.

Those who will feel the choice hardest, if it comes, are the Protestant minority in Southern Ireland, who are still, strange to say, loyal to a King, whose Ministers have abandoned them, who, moreover, feel that their days are numbered in Ireland. Already, the Free State Government are squeezing them out of their land and their positions, whether in the service of the State or outside it. Under the new Land Act, for example, the State has taken compulsory powers to purchase land, if they disapprove of its system of husbandry, the dispossessed are to be paid in State bonds (which are certain to depreciate), and there is an appeal only to a Court which, under the new law, is to be loaded against them.

This is of a piece with the whole policy of the Irish Free State, which is directed to driving out the Protestant minority.

These people, then, will have the choice, whether to remain in the new Republic until they are squeezed out or to abandon their homes and their possessions and leave the country. What are they

going to do? And what is Parliament going to do? After all, the British Government has some responsibility in the matter, since these people were abandoned under the "safeguards" and "guarantees" of the "Treaty."

The Southern Irish Loyalists and their friends do not intend to abandon their birthright without a struggle, and this struggle will no doubt disturb the future peace of British politics. Already they have formed the Irish Loyalists Imperial Federation, with its headquarters at Broadway Court,

S.W.1. Irishmen who want to remain British subjects should join and contribute to that Society, and Englishmen who feel a duty to the loyal Irish should also support it. With Lord Carson as President, General Prescott-Decie, Chairman, and the Duchess of Atholl, Lord Lloyd, Lord Danesfort, Colonel Gretton, Sir Henry Page Croft and Mr. J. H. Morgan among its office-bearers, the Federation may be expected to make a good fight for the cause for which it is formed to defend.

The Whitewashers

Out of Evil Cometh Good

By KIM

THE Report of the Committee of Privileges was debated in the House of Commons last week, too late to permit us any adequate comment. After having had leisure to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the White-washing of Dirty Linen Debate—for the Report is itself not permitted for public consumption—it seems to be of such major importance that no apology is needed to dot the "i's" and cross the "t's" of the action of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, its Chairman.

The circumstances, it will be remembered, were that in April last, Mr. Winston Churchill accused Sir Samuel Hoare, who by crafty representation persuaded Lord Derby innocently to aid him, of using his position as Secretary of State for India to induce the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to withdraw the evidence which they had originally intended to proffer before the Joint Select Committee on the India White Paper and to substitute other evidence of a character agreeable to the Government in their policy of handing over India to the Indians. In consequence, the Committee of Privileges was set up, its members, with perhaps one exception, consisting of men who are publicly known to be in favour of what is known as the Scuttle policy. Thus, inferentially, the Committee of Privileges would naturally desire to acquit both Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Derby of an accusation that they had severally or jointly abused their privileged position to tamper with witnesses called before the Joint Select Committee, and certainly not any the less because the enquiry was moved for by Mr. Winston Churchill, who constitutes almost the only opposition worth the name to this spineless Government.

The Facts of the Case

It will also be recollected that Sir Samuel Hoare was very angry at the time Mr. Churchill asked that a Committee of Privileges should be set up to inquire into these alleged irregularities and described the charge as a "mare's nest." From such facts as have emerged from the Debate, it

was certainly not a mare's nest. The Committee of Privileges, despite its personnel, has had to admit that Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Derby did endeavour to deter the Manchester Chamber of Commerce from tendering their evidence in its original form. The fact remains that they were "persuaded," and altered their evidence. Sir Samuel declared in the House of Commons on April 16th (when Mr. Churchill first raised the issue), that at Lord Derby's dinner party, given to the members of the Chamber of Commerce, not a word was said during the whole of that dinner on the subject of their memorandum. The Committee of Privileges agree that the main points of the evidence were put forward on that occasion. HE DENIED THAT AT THE TIME OF THE DINNER, HE OR ANYONE ELSE, HAD SEEN THE MEMORANDUM OR PRECIS OF EVIDENCE. Yet it is NOW ascertained that he received the outline of evidence from Mr. Bond, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, 36 DAYS EARLIER.

"Not Appropriate or Useful"

On July 7th last year, Sir Samuel wrote to Mr. Bond in regard to their evidence and properly stated that as the matter (of their proposed evidence) was in the hands of the Joint Select Committee, it would "not be appropriate or useful" that he should go into it any further. Nevertheless, ten days later, he wrote privately to Lord Derby to use his influence with the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to secure modification of their evidence. All these facts are admitted in the report. However heinous or venal Sir Samuel Hoare's actions may have been, the FACTS PROVE that he had deliberately advised, or persuaded the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to change their précis of evidence, as Mr. Churchill said, because he obviously had a strong political interest in doing so, for if Lancashire had tendered their original claim, it would not have assisted the policy the Secretary of State was conducting.

But observe what happens. Although Mr. Churchill is justified up to the hilt, the Committee of Privileges unanimously agree that "no breach of Privilege has been committed by Sir Samuel Hoare or Lord Derby." The ordinary person, whose code may differ from these Ministers and their supporters, might well be excused were he to say that Sir Samuel Hoare was proved absolutely guilty of abusing his privilege. (Lord Derby is entitled to take such line as he chooses, as a go-between from Sir Samuel to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce as he does not hold a post of profit under the Crown). The ordinary person, however, on this occasion would be wrong, because in order to acquit or reinstate Sir Samuel, the Committee of Privileges were compelled to throw over all the pretences for so long assiduously forced on us that the Joint Select Committee on India is a judicial and impartial body, and therefore, that Sir Samuel was entitled to persuade or advise the Manchester witnesses to change their evidence.

Have we not had it drummed into our ears since March last year, that the Joint Select Committee was inquiring IMPARTIALLY into the whole of the problems raised in the White Paper? Have we not been told again and again that until their Report is issued, it must be regarded as *sub judice*? Has not Mr. Baldwin said publicly that "their work is of a semi-judicial nature?" BUT TO SAVE SIR SAMUEL HOARE FROM BEING FOUND GUILTY OF ABUSE OF PRIVILEGE, AND THUS COMPELLING HIS RESIGNATION, the COMMITTEE OF PRIVILEGES, it must appear, are ready to throw over all pretence of the Joint Select Committee as a judicial or even semi-judicial body.

A Propagandist Committee

Obviously, unless the Government were prepared to lose the priceless services of Sir Samuel Hoare as the Arch-Priest of surrender to our Indian Congress enemies, they had to admit their precious Joint Select Committee was a propagandist Committee, and, accordingly, once this was admitted, Sir Samuel Hoare would be justified presumably in pulling any strings he could or using any backstairs influence, or Lord Derby's dinner table, for his own purposes.

In pages 17 and 18 of the Report, they definitely undermine the status of the Joint Select Committee. They "are not in the ordinary sense a judicial body." "Many of them had already formed opinions as to the proposals contained in the White Paper." "The ordinary rules which apply to Tribunals in administering justice . . . cannot be applied to the Joint Committee." Mr. Churchill said he did not wonder that the Committee of Privileges were reluctant to describe the Select Committee "in these extremely bleak terms," but they had no alternative. Mr. Baldwin, one of the Members of the Committee of Privileges, has claimed for the Joint Select Committee on India, that they have been "solemnly charged by Parliament," to examine witnesses of "every point of view." They could, he said, "find out the true witnesses and who are not." At any rate WE KNOW NOW HOW SIR SAMUEL

HOARE GETS TO WORK WITH WITNESSES.

Of course various Members of Parliament saw through this sham façade and were naturally dismayed at the cynical betrayal of Government utterances in order to escape from their present embarrassment. Lord Hugh Cecil admitted that the Joint Select Committee could not be regarded as impartial. Sir Henry Page Croft, who refused, for conscientious reasons to join that Committee, said that he could have apparently, done so and used his position to advise and persuade those whom he wished to influence against the White Paper. The Duchess of Atholl, criticising the "serious gaps in the evidence" before the Joint Select Committee, said that the confidence of the House and of the Country in their finding "would be enormously weakened" if this impression that they were not impartial got abroad. She wanted to know at what point "advice and persuasion" would be no longer permissible and where the line could be drawn. There is certainly a thin line between these and using undue and unfair influence. Mr. Emmott asked if advice and persuasion were compatible with the exercise of judicial or quasi-judicial functions. Vice-Admiral Taylor asked the Attorney General (unsuccessfully) to define the difference between endeavouring to induce a witness to alter the evidence and "tampering" with a witness.

An Odd Metaphor

On the other hand, as far as I have been able to follow the debate, the supporters of the Report of Committee of Privileges were singularly unimpressive. Mr. Amery sneered at Mr. Churchill and accused him of disclosing one mare's nest within another—rather a queer metaphor—and claimed that the latter's motto was "If I can trip up Sam, the Government's bust!" Sir John Simon (who is not exactly the *fidus achates* of Mr. Churchill), said that his passionate affection for the purity of the Law of Parliament carried as much conviction "as the protests of Sir Oswald Mosley that the brutalities of his uniformed bullies are all explained by a passionate attachment to free speech." Thus speaks the Arch-Pacifist, whom we see as the embodiment of bitterness.

Well, there it is! Sir Samuel Hoare has been white-washed. Unanimously the Committee acquit him of abuse of privilege. Unanimously they hush up the Report and prevent the public from forming its own conclusions. Such are the workings of democracy! Thus do the champions of freedom and free speech and the enemies of the alternative of Dictatorship, daub its divinity, and hurl into our faces the crude fact that they rule by intrigue, surrender our Empire by subterfuge, and when they are caught out in their nefarious game, pack their Committee and hush up the Report. Give me a dictator any day of the week, rather than these Sammy Hoares, and Sir John Simons, and Ramsay MacDonalds, and all the rest of the democracy lovers, for one at least is straight and the other is something different; one is inspired by national feeling, the other international.

Yet out of evil cometh good. Sir Samuel Hoare is white-washed, but his precious Joint Select Committee suffers under the stigma that it is not impartial or judicial, and really where can the line be drawn to say that it cannot be rigged? *The*

result will be that the findings of the Select Committee, when they are issued, will be discounted from the beginning. Therefore, Sir Samuel Hoare has perhaps unwittingly rendered a greater service to the nation than he dreamed of.

Eve in Paris

MANY official functions have been held recently. The Ministre de la Marine and Madame Pietri received at the Ministère, whose arcades, adjoining the Place de la Concorde, were closed awhile. This was a precautionary measure, as miscreants attempted to burn down the building during the February riots. In the time of Napoleon III, its fine rooms were the scene of a memorable ball. The Empress wore green, girdled with diamonds, and splendidly-attired figures, representing the four quarters of the earth, rendered the sovereigns homage. Oceana, the fifth quarter, was ignored, her scanty clothing would have shocked society in those pre-nudist days.

At the Quai d'Orsay Monsieur Barthou gave a luncheon for M. Jetvitch, Yugo-Slavian of Foreign affairs, who is in Paris on important business. The American Ambassador and Mrs. Jesse Strauss entertained in honour of Sir George and Lady Clerk, whose first dinner-party takes place shortly, at the British Embassy. Private entertainments have been innumerable, one of the most important being Lady Deterding's Ball at the Crillon, where several hundred notabilities of Parisian and cosmopolitan society assembled. The much advertised "Grande Saison" is, so far, brilliant.

White and Silver Wings

The prettiest sight imaginable was the send-off of 150,000 carrier pigeons, organised by the *Petit Journal*. An official tribune had been erected before the palais du Trocadero, whence, over gardens sloping Seine-wards, the Eiffel Tower, Champs de Mars, and blue distances are visible. Military music heralded the Ministers of Education and Agriculture, and among other guests were the Presidents of French and foreign "Colombophile" Societies, soldiers and aviators. M. Deccatoire, sculptor of the memorial to despatch-bearing pigeons, was specially interested. At 7.21 a.m., the baskets were opened, the birds fluttered out, white and silver wings gleaming, then flew homewards, to Aquitaine; every fifteen minutes a fresh company took the air route for Luxemburg, Grenoble, Italy via Jura and the Alps, and other destinations. The climax was reached when 50,000 captives, freed simultaneously, sped northwards, followed with longing eyes by the air-minded, to whom nature has denied wings. Colonel Raynal, President of France and Belgium "Colombophile" Societies, made an admirable speech in which he paid a glowing tribute to the service of carrier pigeons at Verdun.

Priceless Bronzes

An Exhibition, at the Orangerie, of Chinese bronzes, some of which date from 1,600 B.C., has

delighted connoisseurs and beauty-lovers, with its mysterious splendour which reveals the genius of the yellow race. Priceless specimens have been loaned from foreign collections. Monsieur Stocklet, of Brussels, sent exquisite mirrors and clasps, and Mr. Eumorfopoulos fine pieces from his London treasures. Much interest centres in fifteen works, found at Li-Hu, Northern China; ritual vases and a sword, which the Louvre hopes to acquire. In honour of English collectors, who contributed to the success of the exhibition, Mr. and Mrs. Loo invited many interesting people to dinner at their Chinese house, Rue de Courcelles. Among the guests was Miss Gatty, daughter of the famous collector of Asiatic antiquities; her work on Buddhas was published by the Oxford Press.

Elegance of the Past

Music lovers have been enthusiastic over Toscanini, conducting at the "Champs Elysees," and Furtwaengler, at the Opera, where Wagnerian works were admirably given. Lotte Lemann's voice sounded more beautiful than ever. Melchior, the great Danish tenor, was at his best. The audience, at the performance of "Meistersinger" seemed to have returned to former traditions of elegance. A grey-bearded gentleman had enlivened evening dress by a waistcoat of gold. He was the famous M. Poiret, couturier, author and painter.

The French for "Gamp"

Before sanctioning the admittance of certain words, commonly used into the language, French Academicians deliberate long. Sometimes too long. "Riflard" has for years been a slang term for umbrella. In 1801 a successful play "La Petite Ville" ran at the "Comédie Française" and the comedian Clausel, carrying a large umbrella (cumbersome things at that time) delighted his audience in the character of "Riflard." The name stuck to the umbrella. Now "Riflard" is promoted to the dictionary.

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The R.A.F. Display

Aerobatic Flying

By Oliver Stewart

AEROBATICS will form an important part of the Royal Air Force Display, which is to take place next Saturday, the 30th June, at Hendon Aerodrome. They are to the airmen, what scales and arpeggios are to the musician; they are a form of flying practice which enables him to improve and to maintain his technique; they give mastery over the aeroplane.

Not all the aerobatics possible to the modern single-seater aeroplane will be shown at Hendon; indeed, the range is usually narrowly restricted; but the manoeuvres that will be seen give a sufficient indication of what can be done by a skilful pilot. And the way in which the improved performance of modern machines has modified some of the aerobatics, is well worth noting.

Looping, for instance, used to be preceded by a steep dive in order that the aeroplane's speed could be brought up to a sufficiently high figure to carry it over the top of the loop. But now the engine power available has been so greatly increased that a machine can be pulled up into a loop from ground level and can complete the loop and come out into level flight again much higher than it began it. The "rocket loop" is this form of climbing loop carried to extremes, the machine rocketing vertically upwards for a great distance before it turns over at the top.

The Art of Looping

Looping by a single machine is now regarded as of small intrinsic interest and the pilot only uses a loop as part of a more elaborate pattern of manoeuvres or as a means of gaining height. It is in this devising of a complete pattern that the modern aerobatic pilot's skill is displayed. He devises and memorises a sequence of aerobatics which will flow smoothly into one another and avoid dull moments for the spectators. He strives to make his machine do something all the time and to link one manoeuvre directly with the next, so that the machine is hardly ever flying straight.

In aerobatic flying the controls used are three, the engine throttle, a small lever upon the left hand side of the cockpit upon which the pilot's left hand rests throughout his performance; the control column or "stick," which comes up between his legs and is mounted on a universal joint on the floor, and the rudder bar, which is a bar running across the aeroplane, pivotted in the middle. The pilot's feet rest on the ends of the rudder bar and his right hand grasps the stick. With those three controls, throttle, rudder bar and stick, he has the entire range of aerobatics at his call.

Rolling, looping, spinning, bunting, flying upside down, the falling leaf, zooming, diving, and the innumerable combinations of these are the raw material from which a programme of aerobatics is arranged. And when the pilot is very skilful and

places the manoeuvres in the right position so that they can be seen clearly without the rays of the sun preventing the spectator from looking up in comfort, it is probable that there is nothing in flying more interesting and entertaining than a really good display of aerobatics.

But the Royal Air Force, although it still includes individual displays of aerobatics in its Display programme, pays more and more attention to formation aerobatics. Groups of three or nine machines go through the manoeuvres in close formation, moving as one. This year a squadron will do a number of manoeuvres with its aeroplanes tied together with light lines upon which streamers are carried so that they can be distinguished from the ground. The lines are so attached that they break easily. Consequently if one machine fails to keep accurate station, nothing more serious than a broken line is the result. But the fact that a broken line is of rare occurrence, even in bumpy weather when the machines are being tossed about, is a tribute to the flying of the pilots.

Figures in the Air

Simultaneous aerobatics is another form introduced by the R.A.F. as an extension of individual aerobatics. Two pilots in separate machines perform a set programme of aerobatics at the same time over opposite parts of the aerodrome. Occasionally they cross one another in the course of a manoeuvre, giving the impression, to those who are unfamiliar with this work, that a collision is imminent; but actually they know which side to pass and keep an ample margin of distance between the machines.

It is rather curious that technically the best aerobatics are usually the least spectacular. The aeroplane seems to flow from one attitude to another and there is never the slightest jerkiness. In my view public interest in aerobatics has declined largely as a result of over-emphasis by pilots upon this quality of smoothness. The flick roll, for instance, in which the aeroplane rolls over sideways very quickly, is hardly ever seen now, having been replaced by the slow roll. Yet for spectacular effect the flick roll is far the better manoeuvre.

Finally I would say once more that aerobatics are not solely an amusement for the pilot. They are his means of training and keeping fit. In aerial battle, when machines join together in a prolonged combat, the victory will go to the pilot who can manoeuvre best and that pilot will invariably be the one who has trained himself in the school of aerobatics. No matter what the attitude of his aeroplane, right way up, upside down, side-slipping or spinning, he will still have his wits about him and be watching the movements of the enemy machines.

The Venice Meeting

Drama or Mere "Theatre Stuff?"

By Robert Machray

CERTAINLY the stage and all the appurtenances thereof were magnificent. Italy is very good at that sort of thing as if by a gift of nature, but Venice, with her history and her mystery, her tradition and her magic, her colour and her pageantry, supplied an incomparable setting in high summer—though a still better season might have been found in spring when the sense of smell is not assaulted, but to mention that, in connexion with the surpassingly brilliant ensemble last week, is, as the diplomats would say, "quite inadmissible!" After all, the occasion was not really a matter of choice, even if the place was. Dictators have to bend to circumstances, to fate, like smaller folk.

Something having the character of an S.O.S., or at least some signal of distress, urgent and compelling, had passed from Herr Hitler, Fascist Dictator of Germany, to Signor Mussolini, Fascist Dictator of Italy. What it was precisely is not perhaps perfectly clear. One supposition is that it was concerned with Hitler's difficulties at home which cannot but increase with the lessening of that wild enthusiasm which greeted his régime at the start and for months afterwards. The idea behind this was that the younger Leader desired wise advice from the older and more experienced Duce.

Advice on Foreign Policy

Another and much more probable explanation is that Hitler sought Mussolini for advice indeed, but not for domestic use, as it was foreign policy that was in his mind. Soviet Russia, the erstwhile friend of Germany, was showing a most inconvenient attachment to non-aggression treaties, and was in point of fact signing them, and getting others to sign them with an unparalleled economy of effort, in such quantities as, taken together, suggested the encirclement and isolation of Germany. This was the direct result of Hitler's own policy; rather late in the day he realised the position, and his immediate aim was to find a way out. It seems to be true that he acted suddenly.

Whatever the specific reason or reasons for his visit, there were plenty of subjects in which the two statesmen were deeply—in some, vitally—interested, and their discussion would therefore be sufficiently opportune. On some of these, such as the revision of the treaties and German equality in armaments, they were already in agreement, but the whole Disarmament question, especially in its relation to the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations, must have occupied a great deal of their time and attention. It is said that Hitler had drawn up a list of agenda before the meeting took place, but later had abandoned the plan, as it might interfere with his making that intimate personal "contact" with Mussolini that was his main object in going to Venice.

It is this aspect of the meeting that is emphasised in all the dispatches from the scene, but these indicate, in the midst of much verbosity, almost complete uncertainty respecting everything else; the obscurity is probably intentional on the part of the chief actors, but there need be no doubt that they endeavoured and to some extent succeeded in coming to a close understanding as between Italy and Germany. We may be sure that the vexed question of Austria was gone into—with what positive result, however, nobody appears to know, for, while it is stated that the independence of Austria was not in dispute, and that the two countries would collaborate for a return as quickly as possible to a state of political normality in Austria, it was added that the problem would be subjected to further examination.

The Dominant Factor

This is not a very comforting statement. As everybody knows, the real crux of Italo-German relations is Austria. The absorption of that country in the Third Reich is one of the fundamentals of the Nazi creed and programme, and all the more because Hitler is himself an Austrian. The campaign for its possession fluctuates almost day by day, but the dominant factor now and for some time past is that Mussolini has in effect made himself the protector of the Dollfuss regime and heads Hitler off that little land. It is not altogether surprising, then, that Signor Gayda, who often speaks for the Duce, should remark in his paper, the *Giornale d'Italia*, that the "policy of Germany does not coincide in every respect with that of Italy."

In England the extraordinary significance of Austria in the European embroglio is very imperfectly understood. Most Englishmen have a certain liking for Austria, and wish her well out of all her troubles—and this is about as far as they go. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that Austria, now that Poland is more or less friendly with Germany, is the pivot on which the whole situation turns on the Continent. Statements that Hitler has permanently abandoned his campaign for her inclusion in Germany must be taken with the utmost reserve. The open attack from Germany may be and perhaps will be stopped, but the campaign of Rosenberg, Hitler's *alter ego*, for producing a revolution in Austria *from within*, proceeds without cessation. The facts are the facts. The rest is mere "theatre stuff."

To the difficult problem of Austria there has to be joined the equally difficult problem of the Danube valley, which for years has been the special concern of Italy. Even before Hitler came into power in 1933 Germany and Italy, it was stated on good authority, had made certain plans respecting this area—Germany was to have a free hand in North Central Europe, Italy in South Central and

South Eastern Europe. It was the knowledge of these plans that caused the States of the Little Entente—Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia—to enter into a pact of unification, by which, through the intermediary of a Permanent Council, they act as a single Power or as the equivalent of a Great Power. For the moment that put a stop to these plans.

With the triumph of Hitler and the strongly-announced intentions of some of his most prominent supporters to pursue a Pan-German programme, the situation entered on a new phase. Mussolini, at first attracted to Hitler, was afterwards repelled by that programme, because of its threat to Austria and to himself. Nevertheless, he had adopted the principle of the revision of the Peace Treaties, especially as regards Hungary. He came out as a champion of Revisionism, as was manifested very clearly in the first drafts of the Four Power Pact—of which instrument possibly a good deal more will be heard as one of the results of the Venice meeting.

But things don't stand still—at least, not with Mussolini about. In April of this year the Rome protocols were signed by Italy, Austria and Hungary; they purported to give much greater freedom to trade within the Succession States—to the marked benefit of Italy and at the expense chiefly of Germany! The solution of the problem of the Danube valley is beset with difficulties of various kinds, and though the attitude of the Little Entente is conciliatory, they persist. In all the circumstances it is astonishing that one of the best informed of the foreign correspondents at the Venice meeting should assert that Mussolini explained to Hitler the general principles of his policy for the economic reconstruction of the Danube valley, and that Hitler accepted them. Surely this, too, is mere "theatre stuff." The interests of Italy and Germany are completely opposed in that region.

What, then, was actually achieved at Venice? It seems to me that the answer is not far to seek, though it may be doubted whether anything of the

nature of a definite entente was really established between Mussolini and Hitler. The big question of our age involves the antagonism that persists between France and Germany. A smaller question, but by no means unimportant, especially in connexion with the opposition between France and Germany, is associated with the coldness that now exists in the relations between Italy and France, after there had been a slight thaw. It has long been known that Italy, as against France, supported the German demand for equality of armaments as set forth in the German Note of April 16. Paris now thinks that an understanding going beyond the proposals of that Note was reached at Venice. This appears to be quite likely.

France has refused to consent to recognise Germany's rearmament, and has been proceeding on the assumption, for which she has every justification, that, even if German returned to Geneva, no agreement is possible. She puts no faith in the pacific assurances of Hitler. She has voted a huge programme of increases in her defensive forces—and now notes that Italy is about to lay down two large and powerful battleships, though, of course, Italy has a perfect right so to do, if she chooses; France does not dispute that right, but thinks the action significant—and unfriendly.

France has strengthened her alliances. Mussolini and Hitler reaffirmed their determined hostility to the policy of *blocs*, except, presumably, their own, if made. Such is the situation, and it certainly holds the possibilities of drama, but it is the drama of which all Europe may be the theatre. One hesitates to believe that Mussolini really committed himself, but no doubt he was sympathetic enough to give some encouragement to Hitler. At all events the Venice meeting was a great personal triumph for Mussolini, as his adoring countrymen showed. It does not appear to have been much of a personal triumph for Hitler, but he will doubtless make the most of this adventure in spectacular statesmanship when he talks to his people about it.

England's "Chair of Destiny"

By A. Matthews

WHEN, on June 22nd, just 23 years ago, King George was crowned at Westminster, he sat in a chair which has been the Coronation seat of every English monarch since 1296. It is one of the priceless historic treasures of the Abbey, made by order of Edward I. as a covering chair for the old "crowning stone" of the ancient Scottish kings, the Coronation Stone of Scone, carried off by him after the successful campaign which gained for him the title of "Hammer of the Scots."

This stone, a rough-hewn block about 26 inches in length, 16 inches in width, and 11 inches in thickness, lies just beneath the oak seat of the chair, being fixed to it by iron clamps.

It has a most interesting history: it is traditionally said to be the actual stone used by Jacob for

his pillow at Bethel, which he set up as a pillar of remembrance after his dream. This stone was afterwards carried by Jacob's sons into Egypt, from whence it passed into Spain. About 700 B.C. it was taken to Ireland, and set up on the royal hill of Tara, famed in song and legend, where stood the palace of the ancient kings of Ireland. It was called "Lia Fail," or "Stone of Destiny," for upon it the Irish kings sat to be crowned.

About 330 B.C. the Irish chieftain Fergus became King in Scotland, and he is said to have taken the stone to Scotland, where in course of time it was deposited in the monastery of Scone, the old capital of the Picts. This became the place of coronation for Scottish kings, from 1153 to 1488. It is interesting also, here, to note that it was at Scone that Charles II was crowned, in 1651, but

he had to wait nine years before his coronation could take place over the ancient stone at Westminster.

Alexander III was the last Scottish monarch to be seated (in 1249) on the Stone of Destiny, before it was removed from Scone by Edward I. From that time, all our English sovereigns have sat over that stone on their Coronation Day; and only on one occasion has it been removed from the sheltering walls of Westminster Abbey, when Oliver Cromwell was created Lord Protector of the Kingdom, in Westminster Hall.

There are now two Coronation Chairs, one having been made for the Coronation of Queen Mary, Consort of William III. There was a defi-

nite reason for this: Mary was Queen by right of birth and succession, as the elder daughter of James II, but William of Orange would not consent to stay in England merely as "the Queen's husband," and insisted upon reigning as king by invitation of lords and commons. But as Mary was Queen in her own right, and joint ruler with William, as well as his Consort, she was given a special Coronation Chair of her own, which has been used ever since for the sovereign's Consort.

This chair is kept at Westminster Abbey, in Henry VII's Chapel, while the "Chair of Destiny" remains in its honoured position in Edward the Confessor's Chapel, behind the high altar.

The Health of the Horse

The Need for Scientific Veterinary Training

By Sir Frederick Hobday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E.

(Principal and Dean of the Royal Veterinary College, London)

THE health of the horse is of paramount importance, not only to the animal itself but to the human community. From the humanitarian viewpoint the horse, under human control, has a right to the best of treatment, and without such treatment its value becomes—and very quickly—greatly diminished.

Recent statistics published by the Ministry of Health show that there are 794,801 horses in Great Britain. There monetary value runs into millions of pounds and this, in turn, depends entirely upon their health, while the maintenance of that health depends on the man who is scientifically trained in their diseases—the duly qualified veterinary surgeon. Therefore, it follows that the Colleges and Universities which train students in Veterinary Science must be regarded, by all thinking people, as highly important National Institutions.

For example, the importance of the Royal Veterinary College in London is not confined to Great Britain. It is of vital significance to the whole Empire. So also is every authorised College which is the training ground of veterinary surgeons. Here men and women are scientifically trained, not only for this country, but for the protection against epidemic diseases of the flocks and herds of our Imperial possessions and the Dependencies; and it should be noted that there is at the present moment a most regrettable shortage of qualified men. Appointments, with good scale salaries and allowances, congenial working conditions and excellent prospects, are continually being advertised. It is true that there is, at the moment, no lack of students, as we are experiencing a great revival of interest by parents seeking sound careers for their sons and their daughters. But a student is not a trained scientist and the demand is for those men who have been trained along the latest scientific lines.

After suffering from such shameful neglect that the Governors feared they would have to close down—the London College is at last meeting with

a certain amount of support from the Government and public alike.

Under great stress, nearly £250,000 has been raised for the erection of new and scientifically equipped buildings on the site of the old propped up Institution in Great College Street, Camden Town, and the work of rebuilding has already commenced; but a further £250,000 is urgently required for the endowment and equipment of the Chairs which are necessary for the efficient teaching of the Students, as this must necessarily be based upon the latest accepted scientific theories and up to date hospital practice. Here is an opportunity for some true lover of animals to come forward and endow a chair to the memory of some departed pal whose presence in life had given pleasure to the household.

At the International Horse Show which continues at Olympia until June 30th, the stabling arrangements come under the special supervision of Mr. R. G. Heaton (with whom the idea of holding an International Horse Show originated 28 years ago), and even a casual inspection of the stables will make it clear that the comfort of the horses is considered in every possible way.

The Veterinary Department of the Show consists of a Chief Veterinary Official, with two other qualified Surgeons as his assistants. All the horses at Olympia are under their charge—both by day and night—one of the surgeons sleeping in Olympia and being available throughout the night. Rigid precautions are taken to avoid the admission of any horse suffering from contagious illness. All horses are measured as to height for the various classes, and examined for soundness when requested by the judges. If an animal should be taken ill during the Show, this will immediately be reported to the Veterinary Department, and two horse-ambulances (one motor and one horse-drawn) are in attendance at Olympia all the time. In fact, everything possible is done for their care and welfare during the whole period of the Show.

God's Thoughts and Ours

A Sermon

Delivered on Thursday Evening, March 19th, 1868

By C. H. Spurgeon

At the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington

"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!"—Psalm cxxxix. 17.

IT is very comforting to us to believe in a personal God, and to be able to confide in One who condescends to think lovingly of us, and to consider our needs, and to supply them. It would not be very comforting to us to believe in a mere abstract Deity, or in what some people call "the laws of nature" acting by themselves apart from God, or in a fixed fate that would crush us like some colossal car of Juggernaut. Yet some people seem to be always struggling to get away from the thought of one true personal God, —Creator, Preserver, Redeemer, and All-in-all to his people. Those who deny the inspired record of the creation would have us believe that we are descended from monkeys, or from something with even less intelligence than an ape possesses; but I could gather no comfort from such a belief as that if it were true. It fills me rather with pity or contempt for those who can be so foolish as to cherish such a delusion. But when I come back to the revelation of the Bible concerning a personal God, a revelation which has been confirmed by my own spiritual experience, and when I realise that this personal God takes a special interest in me, and thinks of me with tender, loving, gracious consideration, then I lift up my hands in adoring wonder, and say, as David did, "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!" Yes, there is great comfort in being able truthfully to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven;" and those who are really the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty find it to be their chief delight that he thinketh about them, and planneth all that is for their present and eternal good.

Coming to our text, I ask you to consider, first, *how precious are God's thoughts of us, and how precious it is to us to think about these thoughts.*

First of all, let me say that *the very fact that God thinks of us is in itself precious.* Perhaps someone here says, "It is not so in my case; I am quite alarmed at the thought that God thinks about me. It is no comfort to me to say, 'Thou God seest me;' such a thought as that only fills me with terror." I can quite understand, dear friend, how you feel; of course, if you only think of God as if he were an officer of justice with a warrant for your apprehension, it must be a dreadful thing for you to realise that he is thinking of you; but suppose you were his child, would it not then be a continual joy to you to reflect that your heavenly Father was constantly thinking of you? If you were completely reconciled to him by the

death of his Son, if no consciousness of guilt remained upon your conscience, if you knew that all God's thoughts concerning you were thoughts of love, then you would bless his name that he was so gracious and kind as to think of you.

Consolation

We also learn the preciousness of God's thoughts to us *as we depend implicitly upon him as the great Lord of providence.* It is of little use to you to have anyone thinking of you if his thoughts never bring you any practical help; but if you have a rich friend who has promised, as soon as possible, to find you a position in which you will be provided for as long as you live, I should not be surprised to hear that, even while you have been at this service, you have been gratefully thinking of him. "Yes," you have been saying, "I could not make my way on my own account, but I have a friend at my back who says that he will see that I shall never be in want, and it comforts me to think that he is thinking of me." Well then, if the promise of an earthly friend affords so much consolation as that, how much more should this be the case with you who have a heavenly Friend who is both able and willing to fulfil all his promises! He is always thinking of what is best for you, what you require to-day, and what you will require to-morrow; he is always forestalling your wants, providing Elims with wells and palm trees while you are travelling through the desert; and as you meditate upon the way in which he is thinking of how he shall bless, and perfect, and glorify you, his thoughts must indeed be precious to you.

One reason why God's thoughts concerning us are peculiarly precious is that *gracious men long to get near to God.* They are not satisfied with what they are. The wanderings of their thoughts towards inferior objects are a burden to them, and they are continually longing to get nearer to God. If there is one cry that rises more frequently to our lips than any other, it is this,—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

But, alas! our thoughts of God are a very poor help to us in drawing us nearer to him, they flag, and tire, and soon die; but the thoughts of God toward us are strong, like God himself is, and these, like so many unbreakable cords firmly fastened to us, are drawing us ever nearer to him. Thought leads to action, and God's thinking of us leads to the practical action of drawing us nearer to himself. So the fact that he is continually thinking of us encourages us to believe that we shall one day be close to him, and be fitted to be close to him, being perfectly conformed to the

image of Christ, and drawn into the closest possible fellowship with God.

Now, secondly, there are some points in connection with God's thoughts of us which render them all the more precious to us.

And, first, let us remember that *God's thoughts of us are everlasting*. When we begin to think of Jehovah's thoughts of love concerning his people, we have to go back beyond the region of time, and to get where all dates are lost in the shoreless sea of eternity. Beloved, you were loved of your God long ere he created the world; yea, from everlasting he had thoughts of love toward you, then must not those thoughts be indeed precious to you? Besides, as they were from eternity, so they will be to eternity; God will still be thinking lovingly of you when sun, and moon, and stars have fulfilled their mission, and been forgotten, and when all things which men now count solid and lasting shall have dissolved like the bubble upon the billow's crest, and passed away for ever. God has so linked you with his Son that he has made you also to have a life which is eternal, and which can never die. His thoughts will always be directed towards you, he will never forget you. There has never been a moment in the past when he did not think of you; even in your years of sin, he looked upon you with an eye of pity; in your deepest depression his heart was full of sympathy for you; never has there been an hour, in the silent watches of the night, or amid the cares and business of the day, in which he has not always been thinking of you just as much as if you were the only being he had ever created.

In Times of Perplexity

Now, thirdly, let us briefly notice some times when God's thoughts are peculiarly precious to us.

It is so *when we have been betrayed and deserted by some in whom we have confided*. When he that ate bread with us hath lifted up his heel against us, then we turn to our ever-faithful Friend, and we rejoice to know that *his thoughts concerning us are never false and treacherous*. He is the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother; he is always true even though everyone else should prove to be a liar. Ahithophel may forsake his king, Judas may betray his Lord, and we in our measure may know what it is to be forsaken and betrayed; but God's thoughts towards us shall, all the while, be thoughts of love and faithfulness. Vain was the trust we reposed in some who went out from us because they were not of us; but God has never forsaken us, he has ever been thinking of us for good, and therefore his thoughts are peculiarly precious to us.

So are they also *when we are neglected by our fellow-Christians and by others who ought to esteem us*. It must be very hard to continue toiling on in some obscure sphere without having a kind word or a cheering smile from anyone; to be living, perhaps, as a servant in a family, and striving to do your duty faithfully, yet never meeting with the slightest encouragement from those at the head of the household; or to be earnestly working as a Bible-woman or a city missionary in some back district, and having so

little success that your superintendent looks upon you as if you were doing nothing. I can imagine how painful this must be to your sensitive spirit, and how comforting it is to you to think, "Well, Jesus knows all about it, and his thoughts are worth far more than the thoughts of men, for he can read my heart, and he can see that it is love to him that constrains me to do what I can in his service. Men may call me a fool, but if my Master knows that I only desire to be a fool for his sake, if he considers that I am faithfully serving him to the best of my ability, how precious will his thoughts be to me!"

So is it *in times of perplexity*, when we are, as Bunyan said, "all tumbled up and down in our thoughts." I suppose, dear friends, you sometimes get into such a condition that, although you have all the forces of omnipotence at your disposal, you are so distracted that you do not know how to make use of them. You are in a place where two seas meet, wave upon wave rolls over you, and you fear that you will be overwhelmed. You do not know what to do, you cannot think of any way of escape out of your perplexity. Well then, do not try to do it, cease from even thinking about the matter, and refer it to the great Thinker whose master-mind can bring good out of evil, light out of darkness, and order out of confusion.

Now, in closing, let me just say that, as God's thoughts are so precious to us, *we should make the best return we can by thinking much of him*. Thou, believer, art married to Christ, and as thine Husband is ever thinking of thee, canst thou be content to live without thinking often of him? Hast thou lived through this day in forgetfulness of him? Hast thou been so occupied with the toils and cares of this life that thou hast forgotten him who has given thee a higher, nobler and better life than this? If that has been the case with thee, then blush for very shame, and ask forgiveness of thy Lord, and let this be thy sincere prayer now, "Lord Jesus, thou art always thoughtful of me; henceforth by thy gracious Spirit's blessed working, make me always thoughtful of thee."

I fear that I am addressing a great many who do not often think of God, and that there are some of you to whom it would be a comfort if there were no God at all. Or, if you do think of him at all, he is only an all-powerful Being of whom you stand in dread because you fear that he will punish you for your sins. Then take warning by your own thoughts of God, and seek to be reconciled to him so that you may no longer have cause to fear his righteous anger. That reconciliation may be obtained by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the one Mediator between God and men; so, if you put your case into his hands, and ask him to act as your Advocate, he will, by his Spirit, reveal to you the glorious truth that the reconciliation was affected, long ago, when he laid down his life for you upon the cross of Calvary. Then, when you have received this blessed assurance, it shall be your continual delight to think of God, and your constant bliss to know that he is thinking of you; and you will say, in the words of our text, "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!"

What Roosevelt Forgets

Why America Lent Us Money

By Francis Gribble

SUPPRESSIO veri suggestio falsi—that is the most obvious and reasonable comment on the statement in President Roosevelt's Message on War Debts which so haughtily declares that "these obligations furnished the vital means for the successful conclusion of a war which involved the national existence of the borrowers."

The implication is clear. The suggestion is that America, having no quarrel of her own with the Central Powers, took up our quarrel with them and, by her disinterested intervention, saved us from destruction. Many Americans, no doubt, believe that version of the story. More Americans than ever will believe it now that the President has spoken. But it is an incorrect version, and President Roosevelt must know that it is incorrect; for it is in flagrant conflict, not only with the proved facts of the case, but with the official utterances of American statesmen at the time of the American declaration of war.

When Wilson Took Notice

The true story is this: As long as American interests were unaffected, America remained neutral; and American neutrality was, for a long time, very far from being benevolent. It obstructed our blockades of Germany and prevented us from declaring cotton to be contraband of war. But for that, as Mr. Page wrote to Colonel House on June 29, 1927, Germany would very soon have been "starved out." Even the sinking of the *Lusitania* provoked no decisive American action, though Mr. Page then predicted that, if America did not join in the war over that issue, she would, in the end, be "kicked and cursed" into it.

And that was what happened to her.

President Wilson had no sympathy with the "war aims" of the Allies, which he declared to be not less "egoistic" than those of their enemies. He never lifted a finger to help the Allies, but frequently lifted a menacing fist to hinder them. He did not worry himself overmuch because the Germans continued, in spite of his polite protests, to sink American ships and drown American citizens. It was not until he learnt from an intercepted German despatch that the German Government was trying to bribe Mexico and Japan to attack America that he really sat up and took notice.

Page had warned him that, if he kept quiet any longer, America would be in danger. "They (the Germans)," he wrote, "have kept the United States for their own exploiting after the war," and "in a little while, they may be able to bombard New York and demand billions of dollars to

refrain from destroying the city." The intercepted despatch demonstrated the reality of that danger. Something had to be done about it, and consequently, as the well-known American publicist, Mr. Frank L. Simonds, put it in his review of the history of the war, "after having constantly refused to allow themselves to be dragged into the war on account of any European question whatsoever, the Americans decided to intervene on an American question."

That, of course, is not official; but there are plenty of official declarations of policy which support it and show that the United States did, in fact, declare war on Germany because Germany had not only been threatening, but had been waging, war on the United States. The announcement that America proposed to fight not as an Allied but as an Associated Power is a fairly conclusive piece of evidence; and it is amply confirmed by the text of President Wilson's Message to Congress, in which he said:

Interests Threatened

"With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States."

And many Senators and Representatives made speeches supporting that view of the matter.

Senator Williams, of Mississippi, insisted that, if America did not fight at once in conjunction with the Allies, she would have to face Germany without allies at a later date, and would be at the mercy of the German fleet unless the British fleet protected her. Senator Borah said that he should vote in favour of the war, not out of sympathy with the Allies, but because the Germans were affronting the honour and threatening the interests of the United States. "The one object of our loan to the Allies," said Representative Forney, "is to help them to fight our battles beyond the sea as well as possible." "We are making these loans in the first place," said Representative Rainey, "for the purpose of assuring our own interests in this war."

It is hard to reconcile these utterances with President Roosevelt's demand for payment of the War "Debt" in full on the ground that "these obligations furnished the vital means for the successful conclusion of a war which involved the national existence of the borrowers." What they were voted to furnish, as the speeches show, was the vital means for preventing the threatened partition of America.

The Angel of the Crimea

By Burgess Clive

"TO make an art of Life," wrote Florence Nightingale to Madame Mohl in 1868, "that is the finest art of all the Fine Arts. And few there be that find it."

To have high ideals, to strive always after perfection, never to be satisfied with anything short of the perfect, or, in her own words, "to study how to do good work as a matter of life and death, to 'agonise' so as to obtain practical wisdom to do it," that was Florence Nightingale's notion of the art of life that was to produce the Kingdom of Heaven without as well as within.

She had no use for mere enthusiasms unallied with practical habits of business, for "angels without hands," or for action uninspired by knowledge. She believed in an infinite capacity for taking pains and never spared herself in the working out of detail.

Hence it was that she proved such a great organiser. "Such a clear head," as Queen Victoria said about her. "I wish we had her at the War Office."

Great but Modest Humanitarian

But she was much more than a great organiser. She was a great humanitarian. She might scorn mere sentimentality, but she was possessed of an infinite compassion for suffering of all kinds. And there were no limits to her devotion to any cause she had once made her own.

When things she had decided on had to be done she could be masterful to the verge of intolerance of contrary opinions, but she hated any fuss to be made over her achievements and was genuinely humble about them. As the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria testified, after they had met her, "she is extremely modest."

Florence Nightingale was thirty-four when she went out to the Crimean War. Her early womanhood had been a struggle to overcome obstacles in the way of the vocation she had marked out for herself.

Those were not the days of female emancipation and in seeking her own road to self-expression in work she was in this respect, as in many other directions, a pioneer. She had had an offer of marriage, which she had refused, and the literary career her mother would have preferred for her did not appear to her to be a worthy one. So she made an intensive study of hospital and nursing methods both in England and on the Continent before serving the apprenticeship in Paris that was to fit her for the post of Superintendent of the Hospital for Invalid Gentlewomen (first in Chandos Street and later in Harley Street).

It was while she was in charge of this hospital that the call came to her to go to the Crimea.

She set out on her mission with 38 nurses on October 21st, reaching Scutari on November 4th, just in time to receive the Balaclava wounded and, a day or two later, 600 more wounded from the Battle of Inkerman.

Thereafter, the number of wounded, typhus and other cases to be attended to continued to swell till very soon there were some 10,000 in all the hospitals in the Bosphorus. Food, furniture, clothing, medical stores, were either non-existent or deficient, and the mortality was appalling.

All Florence Nightingale's energies and organising abilities were directed towards creating order out of chaos and her difficulties were made no lighter by medical jealousies and theological rancour.

Then the Balaclava hospitals claimed her attention, and a visit to the Crimea led to a severe attack of fever. She was advised to go home to England to recuperate, but she declined to desert her post. She remained on, visiting alternatively Balaclava and Scutari till the end of the war and the evacuation of Turkey by the British in July, 1856.

Her Undying Fame

The sick and wounded, for whom she worked so tirelessly and devotedly, simply idolized her. She was a veritable ministering angel, whose mere presence seemed to soothe pain. As one soldier wrote home, "What a comfort it was to see her pass even. She would speak to one and nod and smile to as many more; but she couldn't do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell and lay our heads on the pillow again, content." Then that picture of her, made famous by Longfellow's adaptation, "When all the medical officers have retired for the night and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds."

Thus was fulfilled the prophecy in the poem which Byron's daughter, Lady Lovelace, had addressed to her in 1852.

In future years, in distant climes
Should war's dread strife its victims claim
Should pestilence, unchecked betimes,
Strike more than sword, than cannon maim
He who then reads these truthful rhymes
Will trace her progress to undying fame.

Her Later Work

Her work in the Crimea, though it brought her "undying fame," was in a sense but the beginning of a career of world-wide humanitarian service. It left her with physical disabilities, but created for her special opportunities. Her advice was sought by and freely given to responsible authorities in many lands in both hemispheres. Not only may she be accounted as the real founder of Female Nursing in War and of the whole international Red Cross organisation, but from a sick-room in the West-end of London she helped to reform the sanitary administration of the British Army, to reconstruct hospitals all over the world, to expound and establish the modern art of nursing and to set up a sanitary administration in India.

The Angel of the Ganges

By the Author of 'The Angel of the Ganges'

London: Published by the Author, 1854

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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE



The Lady with the Lamp who lightened the burden of suffering.

Salmon in the Thames Next Year?

Another Experiment to be Made

By Eric Hardy

IF IZAAK WALTON ever fished for salmon in the Thames while he kept a sempster's shop in Fleet Street, he left no record of it beyond asserting Thames salmon were of finer taste than any other salmon in the country, and placing the Thames at the head of his list of angling rivers; but the great naturalist Frank Buckland, Queen Victoria's Inspector of Salmon Fisheries, described how the last Thames salmon, weighing twenty pounds, was netted at its favourite hole near Surely Hall in 1833, and the Consort gave the lucky captor a sovereign for every pound it weighed. But we have not seen the last of the Thames salmon, for an experiment to introduce the famous game fish again is to be made next spring, arrangements not being completed for this year when first it was hoped to make the introduction.

Avoiding Pollution

Various attempts have already been made to start a run of salmon on the Thames, the last by the Fishmongers' Company about five years ago, when a number of smolts were turned in near London Bridge, to see if the river was not too polluted for them. The experiment failed, for the fish died, while in 1904, non-migratory Huchen salmon from the Danube at Vienna were introduced, and may or may not have left descendants. But past experiments failed, not only because of pollution, but because no attempt was made to help the fish avoid the polluted waters. Next spring's introduction will overcome this difficulty by introducing spring fish, which will breed spring fish to come up again when the river is in flood and least polluted: previously the introductions were of the offspring of autumn salmon, which attempted to come up the river when it was low, and probably in the worst possible conditions. The plans for the new experiment have been drawn up by Mr. Brian Bellews, the well-known Gloucestershire angler, and by one of the best-known authorities of sporting matters in this country who prefers to remain anonymous.

The scheme is to make full use of the Severn, the Wye, or the Avon, which are so near to the upper reaches of the Thames, and catch four or five earliest-running spring salmon when the river is in order in February, probably from the Wye, and having a special motor lorry drawn up on the bank beside, transport them in special water-tanks, kept oxygenated by air-pumps, to the places of introduction in the Thames, just as the London Zoo transported a live salmon from the Hampshire Avon to Regent's Park recently. The places for introduction in the Thames are to be chosen from seven suggestions under consideration. Mr.

Bellews suggests either a spot above Ridge's Weir where the River Windrush joins, higher up between the Trout Inn and Rushy Lock, or by Radcot Bridge, all between Northmoor and Lechlade. The other places being considered are between Lechlade and Cirencester:—near Ingle-sham Church, near Castle Eaton, above Cricklade, or from the island at Ashton Keynes.

Opposition to the Scheme

Regarding the failure of the last attempt to introduce salmon into the Thames, and the present problem of pollution, Mr. Bellews, the originator of the new scheme, told me recently: "The last attempt failed as the fish introduced were the product of autumn salmon and tried to return in August and September, when the river was most polluted. It is doubtful if salmon can pass through many parts of the Severn in summer and autumn if the water is low, but many come up in the spring. I consider the Thames is nothing like so polluted as the Severn. I have no doubt that the fish would get up when the Thames is in flood and if heavy mortality took place among the smolts returning to the sea, it might be worth netting them and taking them down in a barge. But I think they would mostly get through, even if feeling a trifle sick." Mr. Bellews thinks the Thames Conservancy Board should now pass a bye-law forbidding netting and trapping, but rod-licences for the salmon should only be issued when the run has been established, and out of this fund, fish-passes should be made. Opposition to the scheme has been met from the Thames fishermen, who think the return of salmon fishing rights would interfere with their present trout and coarse-fishing, but there is no reason for such a view, seeing that on the Wye probably the finest salmon fishing in the country and the finest coarse-fishing exist on the same river. There is no need to re-open the Thames salmon-season, for it has never been closed! The legal Thames salmon-fishing season still opens on April 1st, and closes on August 31st, so why not establish some fish to catch?

It is an interesting coincidence that my friend, who will probably supervise the transportation of the live salmon from the Severn or Wye to the Thames, knew the late Frank Buckland when he was a boy, and went pike-fishing with him near London and received from the great naturalist's own mouth, the story of how the last salmon was caught in the Thames in 1833. Later, the man, Frank Buckland, was responsible for the introduction of the salmon into the rivers of our Australian colonies; and the boy he spoke to, now a man older than most of us, will be largely responsible for the bringing back of salmon to the Thames!

The Smoke Nuisance

By J. A. Lauwerys

THERE has never been a civilisation so prodigally wasteful of the natural resources of this planet. With utter and reckless disregard of the claims and of the needs of the future we drag from the earth enormous stores of metals, of oil and of coal, which we then scatter over the surface of the globe or transform into gas. If our civilisation ever crashes into complete ruin, in the chaos brought about by war and revolution, our successors would have a terribly difficult task before them.

Without the surface coal and the rich deposits of ore which helped us, it would be almost impossible for them to build up once again an industrial and materially progressive society. Already signs warning us of the approaching exhaustion of our natural capital are visible.

Since we need all these substances of the earth, we have a right to use the supplies available. But, certainly, we have no right to waste them unnecessarily as we do. This misuse of our resources is nowhere shown more clearly than in the case of coal. The quantity of the latter is strictly limited, it is the source of our industrial wealth, and it plays an essential rôle in our national life. Evidently it ought to be used with due regard to real economy.

Coal is a complex mixture of several very complicated chemical compounds of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. It always contains a small quantity of sulphur. When burnt completely it gives carbon dioxide, water and oxide of sulphur. When burnt in an open grate a certain percentage of coal escapes unburnt as soot. In England we waste about two and a half million tons of coal every year in this way. This soot escapes into the air and is blown about by the wind until it is washed down, together with the oxide of sulphur, by the rain. Thus, in towns such as London and Liverpool, about two hundred and fifty tons of soot are deposited every year on every square mile, while Oldham leads the way with a deposit of over five hundred tons per square mile per year!

Enormous Damage

The direct damage due to this deposit is enormous. It gives our towns a dingy and unwashed look, and causes a great deal of unnecessary laundry work, repainting, decorating and so on. But, worse than this, the soot is associated with sulphuric acid and the half million tons of this corrosive liquid which rains down on London every year attacks the stonework of our buildings, increases the amount of repairing necessary, and hence increases both taxation and the depreciation of buildings. It settles on the vegetation and damages it; it settles on the soil and makes it so acid that plants will no longer grow.

Again, all this smoke which pollutes the air above our towns cuts off a large percentage of the health-giving rays from the sun, and thus impairs our health and decreases our general well-being.

Furthermore, the excess of minute particles of dust helps the formation of those thick and unpleasant fogs of which we had so many last winter. Every little drop of water forms on a dust nucleus, and the more nuclei the more drops, and thus the thicker the fog. Similarly, instead of a hard, short shower, we get a fine and penetrating drizzle. The total rainfall remains the same, but it is more unpleasantly distributed.

Now, the solution of this problem of smoke abatement lies mainly in a change of fashion from coal fires to gas or electricity. Many of us, however love the red glow of an open fire on cold days, and for these there are available a variety of smokeless fuels.

From the natural point of view, of course, there is absolutely no doubt that the use of these modern methods should be encouraged in every way. For modern science can extract from raw coal a host of substances, such as that valuable artificial fertiliser, sulphate of ammonia, or the protean coal tar, the raw material from which is extracted a host of products ranging from indigo to aspirin.

Let us hope that the day is not far distant when an enlightened patriotism and a wise feeling for true national economy will lead to a general refusal to burn unprepared coal. If this feeling does not develop, it may be necessary for far-sighted legislation to revive that mediæval Statute which made the burning of such coal a punishable offence.

The Little Tin Gods

*The setting sun on our armour shone
As we buckled our bright steel harness on,
And we scaled the heights, and brake the rods,
Of the little, contemptible, false Tin Gods.
A foolish fancy, an idle dream,
For the little Tin Gods still reign supreme,
And "Ah! let us alone," the Tin Gods say,
"For the present system will last our day,"
"And why should scaremongers destroy our rest?"
"To fold our hands and to sleep were best."
For alack! in our Westminster ramshackle crew
Politicians are many and Statesmen few,
And they lack the will, and they lack the sense,
To give us an adequate air defence.
And t'were folly, they say, to increase our fleet,
Since battleships now are quite obsolete.
And, thanks to Geneva, we're all agreed
That a skeleton army is all we need—
But this is the long and the short of it all,
The weakest Nation goes to the wall,
And adequate means of defence to lack
Is the surest way to provoke attack,
An inadequate air force, army and fleet
Invites invasion and courts defeat.
But no, they say, why destroy our rest,
To fold our hands and to sleep were best.
So, wrapt in a foolish Utopian dream,
The little Tin Gods still reign supreme.*

BERNARDINO.

Water Finding

By One Who Finds It

SINCE the drought assumed alarming proportions in rural England, I have often joined in the conversation of health officers, engineers, surveyors, *Et Hoc Genus Omne*. The talk has been of pipe lines, water tanks, churns or lorries and deep bores; never of dowsing or water finding by aid of hazel wand and clock spring. Now and again to the suggestion that in waterless villages far from supplies, a competent dowser might help, prompt assurance has come either that the movement of the wands is "purely subjective"—useful phrase—or that divination is a relic of beliefs that might have served the Middle Ages, but are not worth a moment's consideration in our science taught years.

I accept the rebuke, not telling these wisecracks that on my own small property I have found six springs and turned three to advantage, nor that I have performed a like office for friends. When they say that "dowsing" is an unscientific trick practised by charlatans, they forget or never knew that the late Sir William Crookes and the late Sir William Barrett, both members of the Royal Society, and scientists of world repute, were quite satisfied that the gift is a real and useful one that has come down to mankind through the ages. It was in all probability practised by the Chaldeans and by makers of wells in the desert.

The Use of the Wand

Four hundred years have passed since Martin Luther said that those who used the divining rod transgressed the First Commandment. There is a woodcut in the great work on Cosmography of Sebastian Munster (published 1550), showing a water dowser with his rod in action. A book on the art was dedicated to Richelieu (1632) and Robert Fludd wrote about it in England six years later, but the earliest dowsing seems to have been for metals. In a German print (1704), we see a dowser unmasked by a clergyman and revealing the horns and hoofs of the devil. It follows that even if we disregard the possibilities of water finding by dowsers in times remote, their work has been known in Europe for 400 years.

The trouble is that nobody can explain it. You cut a fork from a hazel tree and, holding it well forward with upturned palms, closed fingers and outspread thumbs, walk from North to South or South to North, because most streams seem to run from East to West. On approaching any underground source that has movement in it, the wand begins to take action if you are sensitive, and moves as though seeking protection. As you walk on, the tendency becomes more pronounced, until at last the apex of the wand turns right over and you are directly above the invisible stream. "Cryptesthesia" (hidden perception), Richet named it in Paris. Sir William Barrett, who never hid a conviction—he could not have thought nor acted dishonestly if he had tried to do so—

accepted this. "I can't deny a power because I can't explain it," he said to me once, "and in this limitation I differ from some of my contemporaries." He wrote the outstanding book on the subject, "The Divining Rod," and passed on just before it was published.

Hereditary Gift

Now the faculty of "hidden perception" is by no means uncommon; it is given to thousands and might be developed for the service of every drought-stricken village in England. Reactions to the rod are sometimes painful, dowsers get tired very quickly. I was recently in the company of one of the best in England, a man who can tell you within a little, the depth and volume of hidden water. We met at nine o'clock and visited two properties, we lunched in the open and came back to the first place at tea time. To the suggestion that we should follow up a certain stream, he demurred. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I feel exhausted, I was working yesterday." I can't say what he had done on the previous day, but two hours work was as much as he had done while we were together. You can find village carpenters, the all-round men who add plumbing and painting and well-sinking to their labours, relying for useful productive water work on their ability to indicate the presence of streams. Some do not like to mention their gift; a hundred years ago in the English village, the dowser was suspect. A wise man or wise woman to whom the wands responded was probably in league with the devil. Apparently the gift is hereditary. "My grandfather and my father sank a lot of wells about here," a dowser told me, "and they always used the wands first, to know where they were going."

Throughout England to-day, water-supply schemes are being held up because the Rural District Councils and the Parish Councils will do nothing to add to the rates, a short-sighted attitude enough, but what one would expect from bodies so constituted, recruited and endowed. The matter for real surprise is that they do not look to the dowser to find the way out. The cost of his preliminary survey would be trifling, but the results might prove surprisingly good. Apart from the professional dowsers, there are very many able and willing amateurs who could be tried over the same area at different times. In this way there would be the double indication and the greater assurance of success.

It is manifestly silly at a time when so much of rural England is suffering, when men and women must walk miles and miles for a pail of muddy water, to neglect any cheap and simple means of enabling them to carry on until the time comes when the country possesses either a proper piped supply or an adequate system of rainwater collection. What matter if the dowser's sensations are "purely subjective," so long as they bring relief to his fellow men?

Is War Coming?

By Robert Machray

THIS is the question many people are asking now that the Disarmament Conference is so plainly a failure and the League seems likely to go the same way. Plenty of people asked it before, but what has occurred or rather has not occurred at Geneva has greatly added to their number. Here is a book entitled "Will War Come in Europe?" (John Lane, 5s.), which deals with the subject in a very interesting, if not conclusive manner. It is written by Mr. H. R. Knickerbocker, a prominent American journalist, who represents the International News Service. He has published other books treating of phases of the high politics of Europe, and is an authority on Soviet Russia.

For his new book he set about obtaining the answer to this terrible question from some of those most qualified to give it. He interviewed such men as Mussolini, Barthou, Masaryk, Benesh, Dollfuss, King Alexander of Yugoslavia and King Boris of Bulgaria, the young Archduke Otto of Habsburg, Horthy and Goemboes of Hungary—and so on. He also visited several of the danger spots or zones, including Danzig, the "Corridor," the Saar, Vienna—and so forth. In a word, he did his job of investigation as regards both persons and places in a thorough way.

The Hitler Puzzle

He expresses the dark background of the situation in the words, "Hitler is the name that has put Europe in a panic," and adds that, after more than a year's experience of the German Leader, and notwithstanding his profuse assertions of peaceful policy, world opinion still holds that "Hitler means War." On the whole, Mr. Knickerbocker rather doubts it, but admits he is far from sure. But how can anyone be dead sure? What can even the best informed person do in truth more than set forth the facts, contingencies, inferences and probabilities? It is the World's Guessing Competition.

President Masaryk told Knickerbocker, "There will be no war because there is no money," but Benesh, his friend and pupil, said, "Fifty-fifty chance for war in five years." Horthy said, "There will be no war; it is too great a risk," but a French authority, the Military Governor of Strasbourg, confessed, "I am no longer optimistic," and Barthou is quoted as saying, "A year ago I wrote that war could not possibly come in 1934; to-day I could no longer express the same opinion." One of the few definitely satisfactory pacific statements is that of King Alexander, "No war will start in the Balkans."

Mr. Knickerbocker does not quote from interviews with British leaders. That perhaps is just as well, considering the shilly-shally policy of our Government. What he does say, and it is worthy of note, is that the picture of the Continent, as seen from London, shows two aspects. One is peaceful, because England agrees to support

France and in return France agrees to equality of armaments with Germany. The other aspect means certain war, not immediately, but eventually, because Britain delays too long her Pact with France. Not only disarmament fails, but every attempt to limit armament, and the race in armaments "whirls forward in furious tempo." Then, WAR!

What surprises me in this book is the almost complete lack of reference by its author to that other side of Hitler's foreign policy which is incarnate and highly aggressive in the "Foreign Office of the National-Socialist Party," under the daring and unscrupulous leadership of Alfred Rosenberg, who is striving with might and main to advance German aims by bringing about the subversion of States by revolution *from within*, as in Austria. This must lead to war.

The Amenities of England

[REVIEWED BY ASHLEY SAMPSON]

THERE is less about England in "English Journey," by J. B. Priestley, (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) than there is about "what one man saw and heard and felt and thought during a journey through England"—particularly about what he thought; but, as that man was Mr. Priestley himself, he should have a large audience. During his description of the Cotswolds, Southampton, Lincoln and Norfolk the book goes to sleep, and the dream which it dreams is a rather tired and conventional one; but, in the black country, Mr. Priestley wakes up; and he gives us some memorable chapters of burning indignation. He says of Liverpool as a port:

"That romance of the sea, about which we have always heard and read so much, has to set its opening chapter in some very dismal quarters of this country. Trams go whining down long sad roads; a few stinking little shops; pubs with their red blinds and an accumulation of greasy papers under their windows; black pools and mud and slippery cobblestones; high blank walls; a suspicious policeman or two; that is usually the opening scene. You see it in London. You see it in Liverpool, miles of it. Docks and slums . . . docks and slums."

From this dingy squalor we may turn with some relief to Miss Dorothy Hartley's "Here's England" (Rich & Cowan, 9s.) where we get enough of the other side of the picture to compensate for some four hundred pages of Mr. Priestley. The book is charmingly set, and the people whom we meet in it breathe the true spirit of that unchanging part of England—not geographically located—which is the same yesterday, to-day and, we may hope, for ever. Miss Hartley restricts herself no more in time than she does in place; but takes us backwards and forwards in history, which might be a little disconcerting were it not for the fact that these rustics change so little.

The Boer Exodus

In that admirable series of Pioneer Histories which Messrs. A. & C. Black publish from time to time, another volume has made its début. This is "The Great Trek," by Eric Anderson Walker, M.A., F.R.H.S. (15s.). Let us say at once that it is a worthy companion to those other volumes in this series which have already been published.

Professor Walker has given a very lucid description of this great exodus, which had its roots in the colonising influences of the British administration in South Africa. The civilising influences, which at that time were mainly connected with slave emancipation, were too much of an infringement on the hereditary mentality of the Afrikaner farmers and forced them to undertake wholesale evacuation towards an unknown land where, whatever else might be their fate, at least there might be an individual liberty giving free play to their ingrained instincts.

Thus, the Great Trek came into being. Parties set out, each under its own leader, and drove further and further into the unknown. The difficulties which beset their path were never-ending. For the most part the country was arid and inhospitable, and both the Zulus and the Matabele treated their visitors with abrupt, often hostile, greetings. But there was another difficulty, more severe and more cynical than these others. No matter how far the trekkers might penetrate into new land, the influence from which they were trying to escape, pursued them with relentless tenacity. As they settled, so did civilisation follow and harry them with restrictions.

Professor Walker writes with certainty and knowledge. Much of his material is culled from contemporary Dutch literature. He has written a book which is not only a solid addition to South African history, but is also an extremely readable story of the human peculiarities which resulted in this wholesale exodus of, practically, the entire population of a district into the unknown. P.K.

Tunny Fishing

A modern sport, but one of the most exciting in the world, has now its text-book. Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry, who caught the world's record tunny of 851 lbs., has written a book ("Tunny Fishing," Rich & Cowan, 21s.) which describes the sport in detail.

A great number of these huge fish have been caught off Scarborough in recent years and quite a few people are now taking to this form of "big-game" angling. That it is an exhausting pastime cannot be denied, as witness the long time in playing these enormous fish, but the exhilaration of 750 lbs. or so of fighting fish at the end of a line must be something to be achieved to be believed.

The author is one of the foremost exponents of the sport, and to those interested his book should prove of considerable value. It is a pity though, that various differences of opinion between the author and other exponents of tunny-fishing have been included.

P.K.

Building Society Romance

"THE Life of Sir Enoch Hill" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 5s.) is the first of a series of biographies in which it is proposed to tell the life-stories of men who have risen to great heights by their personal initiative and qualities. The general Editor is Mr. Collin Brooks and the author of the present volume is Mr. R. K. Bacon.

The sub-title, "The Romance of the Modern Building Society," is well justified. Sir Enoch most certainly made his way without any early advantages of fortune. At the age of eight, to help the family exchequer, he took a job as a half-timer in a mill, at one shilling a week. His early characteristics were a determination to help others and an unceasing application to work. The birth of the idea of the building society movement developed from the seed of an enterprise to encourage working-class thrift; the evil of the high-rent system under which labourers suffered led to the formation of clubs for the purchase of houses; and from these small beginnings the great permanent building societies have become a valuable part of Great Britain's economic scheme.

Sir Enoch's life is followed—as he grew, so did the movement of which he was a pioneer. But the author has avoided confining himself to statistics and technical explanation; he shows us Sir Enoch, the man, and not the machine.

A.D.

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"Ranji"—Statesman Prince

By Clive Rattigan

THE dust cover and title of Mr. Roland Wild's illuminating and justly appreciative biography of His late Highness the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar ("Ranji," Rich and Cowan, 15s.) at once suggest the handicap from which this most popular of Indian Princes suffered from the day he succeeded to the *gadi* of his State.

The dust cover shows him as a batsman joyously punishing a loose ball, and "Ranji," of course, was the cricketing crowds' affectionate abbreviation that stuck to the late Jam Sahib all through his life. His trouble in later years was that people who ought to have known him better could never quite take him seriously: he was to them merely the superlatively brilliant cricketer, the sportsman *par excellence* and nothing else.

And because of his reputation as a sportsman, such little weaknesses as he had were apt at times to be unduly magnified. Thus his lavish Rajput hospitality, his generosity to friends and his love of precious stones were held up as proofs of hopeless irresponsibility and indifference to his duty as an Indian Prince.

Shrewdness and Farsightedness

Nothing could have been further from the truth. Ranji, as Ruler, worked tirelessly for the welfare of his subjects and the betterment of his State. And so far from being irresponsible, he was one of the shrewdest and most far-sighted of Indian Princes. He was a wise counsellor to his own Order and a tenacious upholder of that Order's rights. He had a mind of his own and was never afraid of expressing it, though sometimes his very sensitive, lovable nature was hurt by the frigid treatment accorded to his honest and sincere views.

It was Ranji's suggestion to the then Editor of the *Pioneer* that led to the appointment of the first Indian Prince as a representative to an Imperial Conference. And it was due to his insistence that the Princes took legal opinion in England in regard to their claims against the encroachments of the Political Department of the Government of India, and though the legal advice proved remarkably expensive and was not paid much attention to in the Butler Committee's Report, it may not unfairly be argued that this independent gesture on the Princes' part served to draw attention to and emphasise claims that in the new era of constitution-making for India might otherwise have been completely ignored.

Ranji himself never lived to see the result of his own long drawn out struggle with the Government of India over the question of customs dues at the Bedi Port. The event has proved that he was right in his contentions and the Government of India wrong and the Nawanagar State should now immensely profit from its late Ruler's persistence with its claims.

The tragedy of Ranji's life was its ending. As

Chancellor of the Princes' Chamber when the Federation plan was being worked out for the British Government by Committees in India, Ranji felt his responsibilities keenly.

The more that plan began to take shape, the less he liked it, and when the Princes' Chamber were discussing the report of the third States' Delegation to England he selected the occasion for announcing the change that had taken place in his views since he first supported the idea of a Federation at the first Round Table Conference.

He had got as far as saying that in his opinion the constitution as it had emerged from the White Paper would inevitably destroy the very principle of Indian kingship, when he was pulled up and ruled out of order by the President, Lord Willingdon. He sat down, stunned by the rebuke.

The incident really broke his sensitive heart: it was not so much, as Mr. Wild says, that "he felt himself the victim of treachery"; he never would deny to others the right to their own views; what hurt him then, far more than it had hurt on other occasions of lesser importance, was the feeling that even his most carefully considered opinions were of no account—but merely the views of an irresponsible "flannelled fool!"

His Rajput Chivalry

Mr. Wild reveals to us the real Ranji in many moods and aspects and his book will be a delight to all Ranji's innumerable admirers and friends.

Cricketers will find there perhaps one record unknown to them—the knocking up of three separate centuries by one batsman, participating in three different matches, all on the same day! Then as typical of Ranji's sportsmanship is the story how when he was shot in the right eye by a friend he thought more of that friend's misery than of his own injury.

He never disclosed the name of the friend who had caused him the injury and took steps to ensure that no information leaked out on that subject. Later in writing to another friend, he mentioned that he had been shot in the right eye, merely adding:

One consolation of this unfortunate episode is that I kept absolute control of myself and behaved in a manner you would like a friend of yours to behave and worthy, I hope, of a Rajput.

Finally, one may quote the prayer which Ranji, always religious, composed while at Cambridge and which, forming the basis of 6 favourite maxims of His Majesty the King, is now displayed in the Royal study at Buckingham Palace:—

"O Powers that be, make me to observe and keep the rules of the game. Help me not to cry for the Moon. Help me neither to offer nor to welcome cheap praise. Give me always to be a good comrade. Help me to win, but—and this, O Powers, especially—if I may not win, make me a good loser."

If anyone played the game throughout life it was certainly the late Jam Sahib of Nawanagar.

The Martyrs of Tolpuddle Victims of Whiggery

IT is quite natural that the Trades Union Congress should have been eager to revive the memory of those Dorset labourers who suffered transportation a hundred years ago for what was admittedly no crime; for, until the approach of the centenary, they were indeed almost forgotten.

There was, of course, a martyrs' tree at Tolpuddle, but few realised what it was all about. I knew a little, having a curious mind that wants to probe the reason for everything and a convenient relative who lived in the village to pester with questions; but Dorsetshire as a whole neither knew nor very much cared, treating the martyrs with as much indifference as it treated Thomas Hardy, who used to be referred to vaguely and apologetically, in my youth, as a person who was not quite nice.

The Tolpuddle labourers were certainly unjustly treated, and seem, moreover, to have been poorly served by their advocate, for the indictment was undoubtedly faulty. But this is hardly surprising in view of their circumstances. One seldom found the poor represented by eminent counsel in those days.

Moreover, the judge was undoubtedly prejudiced and not above straining the law; while the jury seems to have been far from impartial.

That the indignation aroused by the sufferings of these victims of Whiggery gave, after the fear caused by their barbarous punishment had sub-

sided, a tremendous fillip to Trade Unionism is incontrovertible. The Trades Union Congress is, therefore, perfectly justified in publishing "The Martyrs of Tolpuddle" (7s. 6d., illustrated). From the reviewer's point of view, however, it is, unfortunately, a most disingenuous piece of work.

It reminds me of that story by H. G. Wells, in which an Eastern potentate built a magnificent mausoleum for his favourite wife. Each year he made improvements until a monument of perfection was reached; then, one day his eye rested on the jewelled sarcophagus in the middle of the domed building and detected in it a discordant note. "Take that thing away," he ordered.

One senses towards the end of the book that the Trades Union mandarins entertained much the same feelings about the martyrs, who were becoming a great nuisance, threatening seriously to interfere with the glorification of Transport House. Thus we are regaled with large photographs of prosperous looking gentlemen on the General Council, of individual leaders complete with biographical notes, of Lord and Lady Passfield, and Bernard Shaw, to say nothing of various contributors.

It is a pity, too, that the book should be so tainted with propaganda. The story of the Tolpuddle labourers is quite capable of standing on its own merits without being reinforced by excursions into such irrelevant subjects as the storming of the Bastille and Richard Carlile's defiance of the newspaper tax.

D.L.L.



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Some Novels for the

A "Yorkshire Mary Webb"

SOME critic has called Miss Cecilia Willoughby the Mary Webb of Yorkshire. One hardly feels inclined to endorse that criticism, though there is unquestionably quality in Miss Willoughby's style that gives her writing unusual distinction. In "Mellory's Yard" (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.) she gives us not only the authentic atmosphere of North Riding farm life, but a series of convincingly drawn portraits.

Hilariously amusing is an apt description of Miss Joan Butler's "Mixed Pickle" (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.). It is the story of a young man's predicaments arising out of his love for a charming maiden and his evasion of the Persian journey designed for him by an unscrupulous guardian.

Vicki Baum and Ian Hay

Vicki Baum can never fail to be interesting, but in "Falling Star" (Geoffrey Bless 7/6), a tale of Hollywood, there is more than a suspicion of superficiality and one misses the depth and strength of emotion found in "Grand Hotel" and "Hellene." Nonetheless, the book is eminently readable.

For a pleasantly humorous tale of adventure and romance, one can always rely on Ian Hay and in "David and Destiny" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6), he traces for us in characteristic fashion the career of an attractive Highland laddie from his conviction for the offence of stealing golf balls to his final establishment as a successful musician. Nor does he omit the love interest his readers expect of him. This book is sure of very wide popularity. Major Ian Hay Beith, by the way, has recently been made a member of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard in Scotland.

The dreams and hallucinations of a woman of fifty as she lies in bed in a nursing home in the last few weeks of her life form the subject of "As it was in the Beginning," by G. E. Trevelyan (Secker, 7s. 6d.). Miss Trevelyan in choosing this form for her story has set herself an extremely difficult task, for a dying woman's reveries continued without a break throughout a book might in less skilful hands become exceedingly wearisome. That Miss Trevelyan manages to keep one's interest sustained in a story thus unfolded backwards is proof of her great capacity as a writer.

Mr. John Collier is a stylist, with a fine and subtle sense of words, and in the telling of his stories there is an element of quaintness that gives them their peculiar charm. In "Defy the Foul Fiend" (Macmillans, 7s. 6d.) the style and the quaintness are certainly in evidence, but here and there in this record of an illegitimate sprig of the nobility dullness supervenes. It is not Mr. Collier at his best.

A Good First Novel

For a first novel, "No Victory Here" (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.) is a notable achievement. The author, Mr. Michael Smith, writes with remarkable restraint, the quietness of his style enhancing the effect of the melancholy tale he has to tell of a married woman's struggle to overcome the cravings of drink.

Suppose some visionary in January, 1914, had found Princip, Lenin and Trotsky in a tea-shop near the British Museum and had proceeded to shoot all three of them dead, what would have been the consequences to the world at large? Mr. George C. Foster tries to answer that question in "No Poppies in Flanders" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 7s. 6d.). There is no world war, no industrial depression, no Russian Revolution, and not

even a White Paper scheme of "responsible" government for India. Instead, we have a happy world in which the nations agree to disarm themselves and live together for ever in amity. All very delightful as a fancy picture, but quite impossible to make realistic. And one never can quite tell whether one is reading a novel or a propagandist tract. It is a pity, too, because Mr. Foster clearly has abilities as a writer.

When the S.S. *San Capador* put to sea on a pleasure cruise to the tropics, she carried an extraordinary collection of passengers. It is of these that Wallace Smith writes in his novel. "The Captain Hates the Sea" (Heinemann, 7/6). It is a racy narrative written in the slangy style of modern American fiction.

The plot and the characterisation are extremely sketchy. Nevertheless, if the book be read as an ordinary light novel, it will be found diverting.

Grim but Gripping

A somewhat grim, but gripping tale is "Jude Penny" by Gabrielle Vallings (Hutchinson's, 7/6). The central figure is a primitive, but romantic road-mender who finding the body of a dead woman floating in a pool is strangely stirred by the experience, and proceeding to give the body burial under the floor of his hut in a wood, finds himself charged and convicted of murder, the truth about the woman's death only coming out after he has been hanged.

In "The Children Triumphant" (Secker, 7s. 6d.), Phyllis Paul gives us a truly remarkable psychological study of a young woman whose academic ambitions were thwarted through being forced to undertake the care and upbringing of her father's step-children, and who, when released from this bondage and herself married to a man she loves, suddenly finds herself confronted with the prospect of having to look after her husband's illegitimate son. The old walls seem to be closing her in again and the result is tragedy.

Those who have been thrilled by the play, "The Ten Minute Alibi," will doubtless be delighted to recapture some of the old sensations in the novel now published ("Ten Minute Alibi," by Anthony Armstrong and Herbert Shaw. Methuen, 8s. 6d.).

Three Frustrated Lives

A moving tragic story of three frustrated lives is "Koroli," by Elizabeth M. Weale (Daniel, 7s. 6d.), the scene shifting from Buda Pesth during the Great War to Venezuela, and California afterwards. This is Miss Weale's third and most ambitious novel, and her readers will certainly account it her best. It is full of dramatic incident, is vividly written, and shows considerable skill in the delineation of character.

It is to be hoped that there are not many "Rescue Homes" of the type so luridly portrayed by Mrs. Hewitt in "Strange Salvation" (Elkin Mathews and Marrot, 7s. 6d.), though we have her publishers assurance that she herself was once on the staff of an institution devoted to the care of unmarried mothers, and is presumably drawing on her own experience for some, at least, of the background of her novel as well as for the characters she depicts. It is a moving story, in which the heroine's progress from misery and hardship to ultimate happiness, commands the reader's interest and sympathy.

A good Heinemann story is "Strip Jack Naked" by John Hampson (7/6), the author of that unusual, but very successful book "Saturday Night at the Greyhound." In his new book Mr. Hampson gives us a con-

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trast between the characters of two very dissimilar brothers and proceeds to show us very subtly how the weaker of the two characters develops after being freed from the dominance of the stronger one. Economy of language and a quiet restraint enable Mr. Hampson to secure the effects he aims at in an apparently effortless manner.

Sleuths

By Richard Keverne

Not the Tiger

Carolyn Wells' latest Fleming Stone mystery: "In the Tiger's Cage" (Lippencott 7/6) is yet another house party murder. Allen Moore, the host, has a private zoo and specialises in the "great cats." He also has a young and beautiful wife. She takes the zoo less seriously than her husband and amuses herself by teasing the tigers!

The guests are taken to see the animals and the next morning Marcia Moore is found dead in the tiger's cage. An autopsy shows the tiger didn't do it. Who did?

All of the house party and some of the neighbours are suspect. Fleming Stone is called in to solve the problem. He does it in his usual thorough and entertaining manner. But Miss Wells' men are less convincing than her beasts.

Like a Nightmare

When I finished reading "Lake of Fire" by Lionel Houser (Jarrolds 7/6) I felt as if I had just waked from a very bad dream. Its vivid scenes and strange characters stayed to haunt me. Blackburns ruthless cruelty might seem to belong to a waking life, but Hymie Gold with his legs of stone comes straight out of a nightmare. And like a dream not one of its episodes is quite defined. After following the unfortunate hero from Burma to San Francisco and sharing in the horrible things that befel him, I was left wondering and confused—but thrilled.

For Flame of Fire is a veritable thriller. If you like the macabre this is your book.

A Blood Curdler

Herbert Jenkins also publishes at 7/6 "Plague Panic" in which Mr. Sid G. Hedges sets himself out to make your blood curdle with a story of horrific, red, plague germs, so big and so fierce that they eat their way through glass, and the scientists are unable to find any way of killing them.

If they escape the world will be devastated. An arch-villain steals some which he threatens to set free unless he is paid a huge sum of money. The world is panic stricken.

However, the gargantuan bacilli and the arch-villain are slain just in time, the world is saved, and if you like this sort of stuff, "Plague Panic" is the stuff you will like

Cornwall in the Smuggling Days

Love, humour and stirring adventure, with a background of Cornish Revivalism, wrecking and smuggling in the year of grace 1820: that, in brief, is a description of "Gay Pagan" by Hugh Talbot (Dent, 7/6). But to this one should add that every one of the many characters lives: the jovial old Admiral, his strait-laced wife, his lovely "pagan" daughter, her first lover who mistakenly places her on too high a pedestal, her second lover, the Welsh Revivalist and Captain of the smugglers, and all the fisher-folk. Nor is there any sense of unreality about the atmosphere of these old smuggling times. A book, in short, to read and enjoy. Hugh Talbot, by the way, is the pen-name of Mr. Argentine Francis Alington, a cousin of the former Headmaster of Eton.

The Church versus Hitler

GRAPHIC accounts appear almost daily in our papers of the struggle between the Church, whether Catholic or Protestant, and Hitler in Germany. The Nazis maintain they are not fighting the Church as such, but only small groups of factious men who shoot at them from the cover it provides. But the speeches of Rosenberg, whom Hitler has made a sort of Archpriest of the Reich, disprove such a statement and show, as the Pope clearly said, that the religion of the Nazis is just a reversion to Paganism.

Cardinal Faulhaber, the Archbishop of Munich, is the most distinguished opponent in Germany of this strange atavism, and from the pulpit of his Cathedral he recently preached a series of frank and courageous sermons denouncing and demolishing it. These have been translated into English, and are now presented in a book entitled "Judaism, Christianity and Germany" (Burns Oates, 2/6). Not Catholics alone will be glad to read them, for their arguments are convincing and their style luminous in the extreme.

Considering the persecution of Jews under Hitler, it is noteworthy that four of the five sermons in the book treat of the Old Testament and Judaism. The first, second and third deal with the religious, ethical and social values of the Old Testament and their fulfilment in the Gospel, while the fourth proclaims Christ as the link between Judaism and Christianity. But the fifth is the most striking in its whole-hearted denunciation of the glorification of German Paganism.

A Naturalist at Work

A NEW book by Frances Pitt is always sure of a warm welcome from lovers of Nature and Wild Life: they will need no recommendation other than the author's name to make them read anything from this lady's pen, and "The Naturalist on the Prowl" (Country Life Ltd., 5s.) is well up to her usual standard.

This book is the outcome of many requests for hints to the novice on "how to see, watch, study and photograph wild birds and beasts," and it includes valuable information and advice on a variety of subjects ranging from technical details regarding shutter-speeds of the camera and methods of building "hides" in which to work, to the more homely question of clothes and boots suitable for a nature prowl. Miss Pitt is herself past master in the art of wild bird and animal photography, as is proved by the excellence of the pictures reproduced in this book, and those who would follow in her footsteps could not do better than adopt "The Naturalist on the Prowl" as a handbook. It is eminently practical and in addition contains many delightfully phrased accounts of the author's own experiences.

Our Fast-Moving Age

EACH age is apt to have an opinion about itself that merely raises the smiles of Posterity. Perhaps, who knows, that may be the fate of the view put forward by Mr. Gerald Heard in "These Hurrying Years" (Chatto & Windus, 7/6). He tells us that our age is unique and that beside its strange experience, that of all other generations is merely commonplace. We have had crowded into our life-time several epochs. Indeed, from the palaeolithic period to the Victorian era is really but one age and ours is another. Very flattering all this, but also rather alarming, for according to Mr. Heard we are not paying sufficient attention to the implications of this "fact." "If," he says, "we go on thinking in terms of the past, we shall shatter the present and cause the future to miscarry." Fortunately we have Mr. Heard to expound to us the inner significance of all that has been happening with such tremendous rapidity these last thirty years, and if one may violently disagree at times with his diagnosis of the maladies we have been suffering from and his criticism of our physicians' prescriptions and conduct, at least he writes with vigour and provides food for thought to those prepared and able to penetrate to his meaning through a hurricane of words.

The Minor Muse

[REVIEWED BY ASHLEY SAMPSON]

THE charm of the minor poets of any age is that they are so often still finding themselves. The bouquet this year is abundant—not only in subject, or even in promise; but in real achievement.

Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner and Mr. Valentine Ackland in "Whether a Dove or Seagull" (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) sometimes halt, but more often soar. In the best parts of their book there is music worth hearing.

In "The Divine Journey," by J. J. Gillman (Heffer, 2s. 6d.), an attempt is made to present Dante's vision of Hell, Purgatory and Heaven, to a modern audience. The theology of the book is more successful than its poetry, though the latter is never crude, if it is occasionally dull.

In "The Walls of Glass," by A. S. J. Tessimond (Methuen, 2s. 6d.), however, we enter the realm of real artistic distinction; and if some of the poems are a little windy, there is a complete absence of gustiness. There are faults but fine moments in these poems. Some of the pictures which the poet weaves are pleasing and memorable as in the "Cinema Screen":

"Light lies like torn
Paper in corners.
A rock-pool's pledge
Of the sea's return.

Light, wrenched at the edges
By wind, looks down
At itself in wrinkled
Mirrors from bridges."

From this concentrated impressionism one turns to the old-world atmosphere of Lord Gorell in "Unheard Melodies" (Murray, 7s. 6d.), with a certain relaxing of tension; but we are doomed to a measure of disappointment. We have tastes of an imaginative genius; but on the whole, these poems lack fire, hunger and emotion.

There are some delightful things in "The Priestess and other Poems," by Stella Gibson (Longmans, 2s. 6d.); and this poet gives some tokens of reserves which have not spent themselves here; one who, if still a minor among muses, discloses a gift that will leave her there not very long. What could beat this small verse for sheer beauty in austerity?

"Pale is the winter sky
Cold, remote and high;
Brown, soft and bare
The trees in freezing air."

There is not a word wasted and not one word too little.

Perhaps the lack of this essential economy is the only real fault in "Seven Sacred Plays" (With an Introduction by Sir Francis Younghusband, Methuen, 7s. 6d.). Otherwise they are worth reading. They are poetic in conception and generally in execution; and can be read as easily as acted. None of them achieves a very high standard of art; but any of them would fill a quiet half-hour with pleasure.

The Home Companion

By A. Croxton Smith

CONSIDERING the important position usually occupied by the domestic dog, and the pride owners take in his appearance and exploits, it is strange that so little care is taken in the choice of a breed. In buying a piece of furniture or picture, people go to a lot of trouble, but when it comes to the selection of an animal that may live with them for a dozen years or more, matters are often left to chance. The first engaging rascal that wriggles a welcome in the pen of a dog shop is bought straight away, and in a few weeks the purchasers discover that they would have preferred another breed.

Surely, the more sensible plan would be to spend some hours at a dog show, studying the exhibits, and then deciding on the breed that seems to fit your tastes. Roughly speaking, the majority draw on half-a-dozen breeds, one of the Terriers, Cocker Spaniels, Pekingese, Pomeranians, or Alsatis, Dalmatians are now coming into the picture, and are deserving of the attention that is being given to them. Dachshunds also are returning to the popularity they enjoyed in the pre-war days. They are quieter and less excitable than the terriers, and their close smooth coats require little grooming and are easily washed.

Try to find a dog that will suit your disposition. The nervy man or woman, readily worried by noise or commotion, should avoid terriers, Pomeranians, and such as like to be on the move constantly. If a terrier is wanted, a Scottish or West Highlander could be recommended as being more sedate than most. They are not so disposed to yap and fidget as some of the others. On the other hand, the outdoor man or girl will find fox terriers or Airedales the best of companions. If one wants a smallish dog that looks bigger than he really is, the elkhound is worth considering. He has good looks, and makes a change from the ordinary run. Besides these recommendations he is very hardy, his thick coat protecting him in the worst of weathers. Alsatis, though a fair size, are gentle indoors, and can be taught manners without much difficulty. Keeshonds, which are like large Pomeranians in shape and coat, are not afflicted with nerves, and as a rule are not noisy. Those who have the room for a big dog should not overlook the claims of deerhounds, which have an air of breeding and distinction as befits the representatives of an ancient race.

One cannot pretend to be exhaustive in a brief article, and this is why I recommend anyone in search of a dog to go to a show. By the way, do not overlook the Shetland sheepdogs, which resemble miniature collies, and remember that poodles are wise, active and vigilant as guards. Unless your means are very restricted, there is no excuse in these days for getting a mongrel. You will take far more pride in a pet that comes of a respectable lineage, and the cost of one from a show strain is not extravagant unless his points are super-excellent, when he will be worth a great deal of money.

Notes from a Musical Diary

By Herbert Hughes

WE have finished with our season of German opera, we have made our acquaintance with Rossini's *Cenerentola*, we are getting to the end of the "star" concerts, and we are just going to say most of the things that have been said about the Russian Ballet anytime in the last twenty years. In more than one way the Rossini work was the best thing seen at Covent Garden this year, not because it gave us the delicious Conchita Supervia as a prima donna of an exceptionally accomplished kind, but because it gave us a Rossini that not many of us really knew. We had always suspected that legend about the gourmet of a composer voluntarily confining himself to bed and delivering himself of perfect epigrams, and many of us felt that the composer of *Il Barbiere* and the very different *Stabat Mater* was no fool, that his contact with the classical art which immediately preceded his own was inclined towards serious Beethovenism rather than the easier, more popular, and therefore more commercial art of his contemporaries. The Italian part of the opera season has, so to speak, two feathers in its cap by producing a conductor of such calibre as Marinuzzi (of whose work in Naples during an unforgettable season eight years ago I have happy memories) and a dramatic actress of such form as Madame Supervia. They were, of course, but two of a well-rehearsed ensemble, but their actual "form" definitely put a stamp of quality on the season.

In the intervals of watching the Covent Garden stage, I have been turning over the pages of a book that takes one many miles from opera houses and concert rooms. Sir Richard Terry's "Two Hundred Folk Carols" (Burns and Oates), has taken him several years to produce, but I cannot imagine him regretting any of the "waste of time" that must have gone to its making. This is a book for all lovers of English folk song and of old English verse, lovers who can only be delighted to see inside its well-printed pages, equally lovely and equally interesting carols from authenticated sources in France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Poland and so on, classified and edited with the mastery which is Sir Richard's. Merely to say this much is to convey little of the scope of the anthology itself, and what it has meant in the way of comparative criticism (which is implied) and research (which is obvious). For the non-musician it has the charm of unexpected verses of a quaint, exuberant, rather naïve beauty that has come down to us from a few centuries back—things like the *Cherry Tree Carol* and the carol that goes to *Sellinger's Round*. To-day one can hardly think of this latter wonderful tune without thinking of Cecil Sharp, the Folk Song and Dance Society, which was founded in his memory, and of Gustav Holst who made such a superb arrangement of it in the *St. Paul's Suite* for strings. Sir Richard Terry has not evolved a book for pedants and lovers of church music, but a volume that contains tunes of a vitality and humour that would outlast any walls of a rebuilt Covent Garden.

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IF you feel for the widows of the men who served long years at sea, and who, in many cases, lost their lives through its perils, the Royal Alfred Seamen's Institution will gladly and gratefully act as your honorary almoner.

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This appeal is made because—by reason of lack of funds—since the 1st of January last the Society has had to refuse urgently and worthily deserved aid asked for by more than 100 widows. Full particulars gladly given.

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Correspondence

Those Mourning Lines

SIR,—When I opened my copy of *The Saturday Review* and turned to see what Lady Houston had written I was amazed to see the heavy black lines adorning her page. At first I thought it was a sign of mourning for the Government but unfortunately it still lives.

However, the black lines may be an omen, but I would like to know what had been written under those lines.
 Thornton Heath, Surrey. S. D. RAWDE.

The Prime Minister and Russia

SIR,—What is the secret of our Prime Minister's support of the U.S.S.R.? The *Daily Worker*, which boldly carries the U.S.S.R. badge on its pages, apparently advocates world revolution, and the downfall of the British Empire as the first step and is widely published. Surely "Follow Russia" can no longer be the motto of our Prime Minister?

GEORGE W. FOWLER.

Oxford.

SIR,—What is the stranglehold that the Soviets have over our Socialist Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald?

On Monday, the 11th June, in reply to Sir A. Knox, Mr. Duff Cooper said he was aware that the Third International in Moscow was carrying on seditious propaganda among the armed forces of the Crown. It was not in the public interest to disclose what information was in his possession on this matter. The usual prevaricating answer, the same that Mr. MacDonald gave regarding the publication of the evidence in the Committee on the Privileges of the House of Commons. Sir A. Knox said, "Surely the Attorney General said the other day that these documents are in daily circulation among the troops." Mr. Duff Cooper explained that at the time the Attorney-General made that statement the Bill which he is now piloting through the Committee will it is hoped enable the authorities to deal more effectively with people circulating these documents."

Comment would appear to be unnecessary, but when a Government Secretary talks such balderdash as the above, can one be surprised that the Blackshirts are gaining adherents in daily increasing numbers?

Starlock,

H. TEMPLER,

Rye, Sussex.

Colonel, late Indian Cavalry.

Why not Winston Churchill?

SIR,—Lady Houston recently answered one of your correspondents who asked in what way it was in the ordinary person's power to alter the present appalling defencelessness of London.

With her usual shrewd commonsense Lady Houston pointed out how pressure could be brought to bear on M.P.'s and the Lord Mayor of London. If all those who shared your correspondent's feelings on the subject—and they must number very many thousands—acted on Lady Houston's advice something practical might well ensue. As regards an alternative to the Flamsey-Baldwin "misgovernment," is it not time the Conservatives found another Leader?

What is wrong with Winston Churchill for the job of clearing up the mess made by Baldwin and the setting up of a genuine Conservative Government? He has already vigorously opposed the surrender-all-round policy of the so-called National Government and has shown that he realises the danger of Britain's disarmament. And one couldn't imagine him turning down magnificent patriotic offers such as that recently made by Lady Houston and ignored by the present Government.

Park Lane, W. 1.

H. W. JENKINSON.

Imperial Air Mail Rates

[From Admiral Sir Murray F. Sueter, C.B., M.P.]

SIR,—May I, as Chairman of the Air Committee of the House of Commons, enlist interest and, I trust, support

in a general plea for the reduction of Imperial Air Mail rates. I recently put a question to the Postmaster-General and asked him if he could reduce the air mail rates, not only for internal air services but on the Imperial air mail routes at present being operated. The answer that I received was: "The air postage rates on the Imperial services are constantly under review, and are fixed as low as possible, consistent with the avoidance of actual loss." During the debate on the Post Office Vote I told the Postmaster-General that "this is scarcely the answer that we should have got from Rowland Hill."

Reducing the price we have to pay for sending a letter by air from one part of the Empire to another is no longer a departmental issue but a national one. Civil aviation, the prosperity of which closely affects the whole of our military and commercial prestige in the air, is fighting against severe handicaps. The amount of assured freight in both passengers and goods is insufficient to warrant any very heavy outlay on new machine construction, new route planning or the inauguration of faster and more frequent regular services. If mail rates were cut civil aviation would be given the assured freight by which alone its development can be accelerated.

The air is the road and sea and rail of the future, and our very existence depends upon the control of our own flying destinies. By no means can that be accomplished more certainly than by encouraging civil aviation to expand. The Post Office can afford the experiment. It makes a profit of ten millions a year while our air future hangs in the balance.

MURRAY F. SUETER.

House of Commons, S.W. 1.

A Query from Texas

SIR,—We have a tradition in our family that my great-great-grandfather by name John Howard Tatum, who had been reared in the Catholic faith, changed that faith and was for his religious preaching and writing condemned to death; eventually escaping by the intervention of influential friends in a sailing ship. I have no idea as to where he exactly lived, but the tradition is that he had Royal blood in his veins.

I am writing this in the hope that there is a record in some old file in England somewhere that will enlighten me more on this subject.

I am a widow, 45 years old with one son of 13, one girl of 12, and one girl of 8. I do hope you can get some news of good report for me.

(Mrs.) MAUDE DAVIDSON.

Colorado City, Texas.

A Challenge Accepted

SIR,—In the current issue of *The Saturday Review*, you have published a full page article by Colonel Sir Thomas Polson in regard to a leaflet issued by the League Against Imperialism on Empire Day.

Sir Thomas writes that "more mis-statements, disconnected facts and sheer balderdash" have been crammed into this leaflet than he would have believed possible.

He goes on to say that it is the duty of all patriotic associations to challenge publicly organisations such as the League Against Imperialism.

I have accordingly been instructed by the Executive Committee of the British Section of the League Against Imperialism to accept this challenge, and to say that it will be ready to send speakers to any platform in any part of London at any time convenient to Sir Thomas to explain and support with full documentary evidence every one of the statements contained in the leaflet.

As *The Saturday Review* proclaims that "it is the only paper that dares to tell you all the truth," I am to request that you will publish this reply to Sir T. Polson's article in your forthcoming issue.

53, Gray's Inn Road,

W.C.1.

REGINALD BRIDGEMAN.

Secretary,
 League Against Imperialism.

[Judging by the leaflet enclosed we think Sir Thomas Polson might well stand astonished at his moderation in criticism.—Editor.]

Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

Globe Theatre. Meeting at Night.

By Margaret Sharp.

I FIND Miss Margery Sharp's first essay in the field of drama extremely interesting. It was quite to be expected that the author of "Fanfare for Tin Trumpets" would write an unusual play, and if "Meeting at Night" does not quite come off she is at least to be congratulated on her bravery.

The story is that of a famous lone aviator and a much-paraphrased society darling who became engaged for the sake of publicity. The airman loses his nerve on the eve of an attempt to break the record for a flight to Australia, and in a scene which I found singularly moving he and his fiancée discover that they are actually in love with each other. Under the influence of this knowledge and with the additional stimulus of their decision to anticipate their nuptials, he starts on the flight, only to come down in flames within two hours. With his death, the girl is condemned to a life of paragraph hunting, and the final curtain descends on an oddly cynical note.

Miss Sharp has courageously defied convention. She kills off her hero at the beginning of Act 3, she has written a long love scene which brings the second act to a close which can only be described as pianissimo, and she has scorned to invent a happy ending. The first act is somewhat inconclusive, the second act rather slow-moving; yet, in spite of these blemishes, the play is curiously attractive. I hope, for the sake of Leonora Corbett, Roger Livesey, May Whitty, Helen Haye, Merle Tottenham, Hedley Briggs and the producer, A. R. Whatmore, that the public will share my point of view, but I am frankly a little dubious about that.

Shaftesbury Theatre. 'Hello Again

By Allen Scott and George Haight.

Ralph Lynn's return to the stage has unfortunately not been the unqualified success that everybody hoped it would be. True, it gave us the opportunity to see that a twelve months' sojourn in the fantastical world of films has not had any adverse effect upon his stage-craft. He can still look hopelessly uncomfortable when circumstances are getting a little too strong for him, he can still stammer and bounce his way through farcical situations which are happily rare in real life, but the vehicle he has selected for his comeback is hardly a worthy one. A farce is not acceptable to the modern playgoing public unless it is pure bred. A mixture of farce and comedy with a few frankly serious moments thrown in is a type of fare which is not likely to have a very wide appeal; it is not even good red herring.

Apart from Mr. Lynn himself, the best acting came from Mr. Charles Heslop, Miss Sally Bates and Miss Mary Glynne, while Mr. Ronald Simpson added another successful portrait to his gallery of character studies.

Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

"The Comedy of Errors" and "Comus"

"Enchanting" is a word I rarely use, but, extravagant as it may seem, it is the one best fitted to describe the production by Robert Atkins of "Comus" at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. Perhaps it was due to the beautiful lighting; perhaps to the fact that Leslie French was indeed a Spirit and to me no longer of this earth; perhaps it was magic that was in the air. I know not—it was enchanting, and I would beg Mr. Sidney Carroll to make the opportunity for further performances of this Masque which John Milton wrote just three hundred years ago.

"Comus" was preceded by Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors." I have heard it said that therein is no comedy. I must give such comment the lie, for, produced by Maxwell Wray and acted by so excellent a company which included Margaretta Scott as Adriana, Robert Eddison and R. Kerr Carey as the two Antipholus', and particularly Andrew Leigh and Frank Tickle as the twin Dromios, the Comedy is indeed comedy, improbable though the Errors may be.

Embassy Theatre.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

By Rudolf Besier

It says a good deal for the students of the Embassy School of Acting that I enjoyed Rudolf Besier's excellent play as much as I did when I first saw it.

Since the play is so well known, the only useful thing I can do is to say what I think about the cast. There were four performances which demand mention. William Devlin was extraordinarily good as Edward Moulton-Barrett. He brought his own personality to the part and made no attempt to copy its famous creator. This is the second time I have seen Mr. Devlin, and I am more than ever convinced that his student days are over. Repertory, Mr. Devlin, repertory! Henrietta Moulton-Barrett is a ready-made part, but Erica Lloyd wore it as though it had been made to fit her. We shall hear more of both these young people.

Raf de la Torre was technically excellent as Robert Browning, but in some indefinable way he lacked charm. Still, he can act, which is all that matters.

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Germany and Her Debts

Industrial Debenture Repayments Continue

[By Our City Editor]

THE International Debt legacies of the War are no more burdensome than those of the Peace and so, following upon the general default of Europe on her War-Debts to U.S.A., comes the final decision of Germany to default upon all her external obligations, chief among which are the Young and Dawes Loans, floated internationally in 1930 and 1924 respectively, as part and parcel of Reparations and Reconstruction schemes. These plans were the outcome of Conferences, the bane of post-War finance, and have met with the fate which is usually meted out to structures internationally designed, and built upon foundations dreamed of at Geneva. Once more Germany's bond has proved useless, and Dr. Schacht is telling her creditors of the absence of funds with which to pay any bond interest.

The City's view is wholly unsympathetic, for in London it is considered that Germany has since the War been allowed to use borrowed money for unproductive purposes—in fact, to restore her arrogant spirit to the pitch of telling her creditors where to look for their money. "Grave warnings" have been entirely ignored and it is good to see that the British Government has now gone to the length of threatening the establishment of an exchange clearing with Germany, so that the Dawes and Young bondholders can be paid directly out of Germany's balances in London.

Germany's Trade Balance

In 1933, Germany had a balance of trade in her favour against this country of about £15,000,000, and the bondholders' requirements could easily be met before this balance to German exporters was handed over. But such a development would be yet another hindrance to international trade, already overburdened with political and financial difficulties. Let it be hoped, therefore, that Germany will see her way clear, at least after a short time, to make some more reasonable offer to her creditors. Her policy has always been in the post-War days, to accumulate balances abroad, against the time when her financial system might collapse. This has left Germany free to pursue a policy of internal inflation, consistent with the revival of militarism in one form or another. Finance is largely a matter of commonsense, and Britain should realise, at any rate by now, that it is unwise

to lend money to a debtor who will make no effort to repay.

Callender's Cable Profits

Callender's Cable and Construction Company suffered some shrinkage in gross profits during 1933, the total amounting to £522,311, against £536,417 in 1932, but owing to substantial economies in expenses, the net profit is actually higher at £225,885, after tax provision. The dividend is maintained at 15 per cent. for the year, requiring £168,587, leaving the balance to be carried forward rather higher at £294,230. Contracts for a large section of the Central Electricity Board's grid have now been completed, but subsidiary extensions continue to be placed with the company. Owing to the redemption of the debentures of Callender's Share and Investment Trust and the purchase of the outstanding shares, the Cable company has now acquired the complete holding of the Trust, and the Parent company's guarantee of the debenture of the Anchor Cable Company, another subsidiary, will also cease on the redemption of these debentures on June 30.

Debenture Redemptions

The movement of Industrial concerns to redeem or convert high interest bearing debentures as, or even before, they fall due, continues in a manner most disconcerting to the investor. The position is that the large companies have collected during the depression, funds for which there is no immediate use; only considerable trade expansion can justify their employment in the business and this is unlikely to occur until international trade recovers. This factor partly accounts for the continued low total of banking advances and also for the success of every new issue of capital of the investment type at the moment, directly on its appearance. Imperial Chemical Industries became a strong market up to 37s. 3d. last week for the ordinary shares on the announcement that the company was redeeming out of its liquid resources, various debentures of subsidiaries to the total of £3,645,854, making a total of over £4,000,000 since last November. Naturally there will be smaller charges in front of the ordinary stock, but the fact that the company should have had £4,000,000 idle, is not entirely an encouraging feature. This follows on the redemption of £4,850,000 by Anglo-Persian Oil Company and various minor repayments by other concerns all of which help to keep the investment market flooded with cheap money.

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The Cinema

The Trade Show of "Wings Over Everest"

By Mark Forrest

FOLLOWING on its world première at the Curzon theatre, "Wings Over Everest," was trade shown last Monday at the Prince Edward theatre. A large and enthusiastic audience welcomed this fine film of the Houston Mount Everest expedition in preparation for its general release all over the country in the autumn. Thanks to the generosity and patriotism of Lady Houston in financing the flight, the public will have an opportunity of seeing the top of the world with Lord Clydesdale circling above it; the picture is one which all people, young and old, should see—the latter to remind them that this country's spirit of adventure is not dead, whatever Hansard may reveal, and the former to spur them on to fresh endeavours.

Those people who live in London are prone to imagine that once a picture has been shown there its effectiveness is over. They are, of course, entirely wrong; its effectiveness has only just begun. The power of the cinema is a very great one, more especially in the provinces, and it is fortunate that now and again they have the opportunity of seeing a film whose influences is wholly for good. There are too few pictures of this kind being made and the influence which this venture of Lady Houston's will wield is inestimable. Every small town has its local cinema and everyone, therefore, will have an opportunity of seeing the intrepid natures of our pilots and the reliability of our engines—incidentally they will also have a glimpse of Lady Houston. From this film they will understand with more clarity than that gained from a hundred speeches on the subject the power, range and possibilities of modern aircraft when they are handled by courageous pilots and, having understood, will appreciate the reasons for Lady Houston's ever active campaign for the enlargement and betterment of our own air force. We have the models in men and machines, but models are not much good unless they are repeated. Unfortunately for us aeroplanes and pilots are not like dresses, they cannot be cut out from patterns all in a moment and, unless something is done now, it may well be that there will be no time to cut anything—except cut and run. Go and see this magnificent film of the Houston Mount Everest flight when it comes to your local cinema, and work out the corollaries which inevitably follow the proposition.

The Life of a Gambler

The caption on the programme of "When New York Sleeps," the new picture at the Capitol, says that the film contains amazing revelations of sporting life, but the most astounding revelation is that sporting life can be so dull. In that American doggerel, "Frankie and Johnnie," you may remember that Frankie, when she sat in prison without an electric fan, told her little sister never to marry a sporting man; if Murray Golden in "When New York Sleeps" is any criterion, Frankie's advice is very sound.

Murray Golden is a gambler; roulette, poker, dice and any contest on which he can put his shirt appeals to him. Throughout the film we see his laundry getting bigger and bigger until near the end—I am afraid you will guess the solution—the shirts begin to go until—yes, you were quite right—he is down and out. He is not, however, saved by his wife, but gets himself killed so that she may recover, by means of the insurance to be paid over to her on his death, her jewellery which he has lost on his final coup.

Murray Golden's wife, whom he adores so much that he never sees her, is in the background, and his luck runs out when she leaves him. She is a very colourless woman, this wife of his, whose character is quite inanimate in the hands of Helen Twelvetrees. Alice Faye plays the inevitable blonde to provide the wife with a little more ammunition, but she also has no real substance. It is a pity that Spencer Tracy, whose work is always distinguished by a lightness of touch, should have been wasted on this material.

Another Newspaper Office Film

Mr. Mervyn LeRoy's direction generally ensures that a picture will be worth seeing and "Hi, Nellie," at the Regal, has that and Paul Muni's presence to recommend it. The story is yet another one of a newspaper office, a subject which has now been made so often that it is difficult to become enthusiastic over it again, however well the production is done.

Here once more is the reporters' room, more like a monkey house than ever, and in the editorial chair of the Times-Star sits Bradshaw. He rules his staff with a rod of iron and is in the bad books of a young lady, Gerry Kale, whom he has taken away from her regular work and placed in charge of a column called "Heart Throbs," which deals with that thing called "lurve." However, when a well-known banker disappears and a half a million dollars at the same time, Bradshaw fails to put the story over and is himself relegated to do this particular column. So far the humour is very forced and everyone has been talking, mostly about nothing, at the top of their voices, but from this point the film begins to develop. The newspaper office disappears and the unravelling of the fate of the banker, which becomes the centre of interest, is handled cleverly.

There is nothing particularly outstanding in Paul Muni's performance; a half a dozen actors, not so well-known, could have played Bradshaw with ease. But it is interesting to see him in a light part after the grim characters which he has played hitherto, the portrayal of one of which earned for him the Hollywood gold medal for the best performance of the year. "Scarface" and "I am A Fugitive" had plenty of meat in them for this actor, but "The World Changes" and lastly this film are not satisfactory vehicles.

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Broadcasting Notes

By Alan Howland

SOME years ago there was considerable fluttering in the dovescotes east of Temple Bar, when the B.B.C. decided to produce a weekly paper consisting of a resumé of the various fascinating talks to which we are privileged to listen, suitably illustrated by photographs obtained from this or that agency. If my memory serves me, it was decided that only a certain small percentage of this publication should be allotted to original contributions, the remainder to be devoted to reprints of the various Professor X's dissertations on their pet subjects.

The tumult and the shouting have died down, as far as this particular journal is concerned, and the circulation is presumably sufficient to warrant its continued publication.

There is, however, another journal published under the auspices—if not the connivance—of the B.B.C. which sees fit from time to time to make editorial comments about the habits and opinions of listeners and radio critics. Whatever these comments may be, and however, deserved, it would still be interesting to learn how the B.B.C. reconciles its rigid attitude of aloofness as far as its programmes are concerned with its partisan statements and comments as expressed in the columns of one of its numerous official journals.

Broadcasting is a part—and under the present regime a very very insignificant part—of the entertainment industry. It is the paid servant of the British public, and, as such, has certain obligations which it should fulfil. Any person who is sufficiently conscientious to pay his licence fee, and I am given to believe that there are approximately six million of them, is entitled to say what he thinks of the programmes. Indeed, broadcasting has become so much a part of modern life that

certain people are paid a salary to criticise the output of this comparatively new organisation.

The B.B.C. dare not broadcast its opinions about its numerous critics. It therefore takes the cowardly course of including in its official publication—which was originally intended merely as a guide to listening—an attack on the very people who keep the B.B.C. and its subsidiaries alive.

It matters not whether the criticism is justified or whether the comment on it is intelligent, the fact remains that the B.B.C. has no possible justification in extracting ten shillings from me to listen to its programmes, and in addition to charge me twopence a week for the privilege of being told what a fool I am for not enjoying myself.

To be more explicit, the B.B.C. complains in the current number of its official organ that somebody has expressed the opinion that the B.B.C. is usurping the functions of the Press. There is not the slightest doubt that the B.B.C. is usurping the functions of the Press, not over the microphone, but in the columns of its subsidised papers.

It has always been a *sine qua non* that the B.B.C. should make no comment on the news which it broadcasts. It is not a newspaper; it is a tape machine. Any remarks, therefore, which it chooses to make about the public or the critics—who are, when all is said and done, the donors of the feast—are *ultra vires*.

I have an uncomfortable feeling that somebody who is still in the employ of the B.B.C. may read these words. For his benefit I would explain that *sine qua non* means "without which not," or "without whom not," and *ultra vires* means "beyond powers." If that helps to clear up the situation I shall be very pleased. I shall also be very surprised, but that, as has been said before, is another story.

The Saturday Review

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